

Covent Garden prompt books

v. 9

# THE BARBER OF SEVILLE;

A COMIC OPERA,

IN TWO ACTS;

AS PERFORMED AT THE

**Theatre Royal, Covent Garden.**

~~~~~  
THE OVERTURE AND NEW MUSIC COMPOSED, AND THE  
WHOLE ADAPTED TO THE ENGLISH STAGE, BY

Mr. BISHOP.

~~~~~  
LONDON:

PRINTED BY AND FOR J. ROACH, AT THE  
Britannia Printing Office.  
RUSSELL-COURT, DRURY-LANE,

1818.

~~~~~  
*Price Two Shillings.*

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124

1991





# DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

|                                 |                      |                |
|---------------------------------|----------------------|----------------|
| Count Almaviva, -               | 1825                 | Mr. Jones,     |
| <del>Dr</del> Doctor Bartolo, - | -                    | Mr. Fawcett,   |
| <del>3</del> Basil, - - -       | -                    | Mr. J. Isaacs, |
| // Figaro, - - -                | <del>Baron</del>     | Mr. Liston, —  |
| <del>2</del> Fiorello. - - -    | <del>Barman</del>    | Mr. Pyne,      |
| <del>4</del> Argus, - - -       | <del>Evans</del>     | Mr. Simmons,   |
| Tallboy, - - -                  | <del>Henry</del>     | Mr. Blanchard, |
| Officer, - - -                  | <del>Linley</del>    | Mr. Comer,     |
| Notary,<br><del>Alguazil</del>  | - - -                | Mr. Atkins,    |
| <del>8</del> Rosina, - - -      | <del>Miss Peto</del> | Mrs. Dickons,  |
| 1. Marcellina, - - -            | <del>Miss Peto</del> | Is. Sterling.  |

Alguazils, Attendants, &c,

See 14

-23

7

Pearman

Finney

Wife Lee

Dom  
rally

for  
ELCH-

20-13. 5. Oct 1870

23. 1. 1870.

2. 12. 1870.

1.

L.H.S. { Fiorello — 1 money /  
          { Serenaders — 4 Guitars /

R. 28. { Figaro — 1 Blunderbuss /

(1.) *Barber*  
THE  
BARBER OF SEVILLE.

Lamps down

ACT I.  
SCENE I.

7

*Seville. Doctor Bartolo's house on <sup>CH. 2. B</sup> one side, R. Figaro's shop on the other, over his door is written "Barber, Surgeon, Dentist, &c.—The shop is shut. Time—Day-break, and the light increasing thro' the scene.*

*L. E. Enter from the back FIORILLI with a letter in his hand, he comes cautiously down the Stage and examines Figaro's shop.*

*Fior. Soh ! I am at my post before the sun has awoke my watchful barber here ! My master orders me to catch the first glimpse of Rosina, when she opens her lattice ; but I much fear I never shall be able to succeed for him, for no sooner do I obtain Rosina's notice, and am about to convey a billet, than this devil of a spoil-sport pops his head out, and deranges all my plans. (*puts his ear to Figaro's door.*) All's quiet ; he sleeps in spite of the ghosts of the patients he has poisoned. Now ~~if my serenaders could but tinkle a few soft notes to disturb her gentle slumbers, I might contrive to convey this letter to her. (*He stops back, and makes a signal during the symphony.*)~~*

*zaps to Don*  
*Entrée gradually*  
*Up. In.*

SERENADE.

*Fior. Piano ! pianissimo ! in tender sound  
Let Love's light airs now float around !  
Serenaders. Piano ! pianissimo ! Love's music sound  
Fior. All wrapt in silence—no soul is near,  
No waud'ring footstep falls on the ear.*

*Serenaders Enter*  
*H. L. CH.*

*(Figaro opens the Window.) R. H.**Fig.*

What scraping, and squeaking !  
 What fiddling, and shrieking !  
 Are ye rooks, that ye caw ?  
 Are ye mending a saw ?  
 Do ye imitate hogs ?  
 Are ye beating the dogs ?  
 Or are ye some bucks that are mellow ?

*Fior.*

Silence, silence, good man !  
 Be still if you can !

'Tis you make the noise, my dear fellow,  
 Now, my friends, your task is done ;  
 Here's your cash—Farewell !—begone !

*Chorus.*

Many thanks, sir, for this favour,  
 Better master, nor a braver  
 Never did we sing a stave for,  
 Ever, sir, command our throats !  
 We will ever sing, and pray for  
 One who gives us gold for notes !

*Fior.*

Silence, silence, cease your howling,  
 Nor like cats with caterwauling,  
 Wake the neighbours—stop your squalling,  
 Rascals, or I'll dust your coasts !

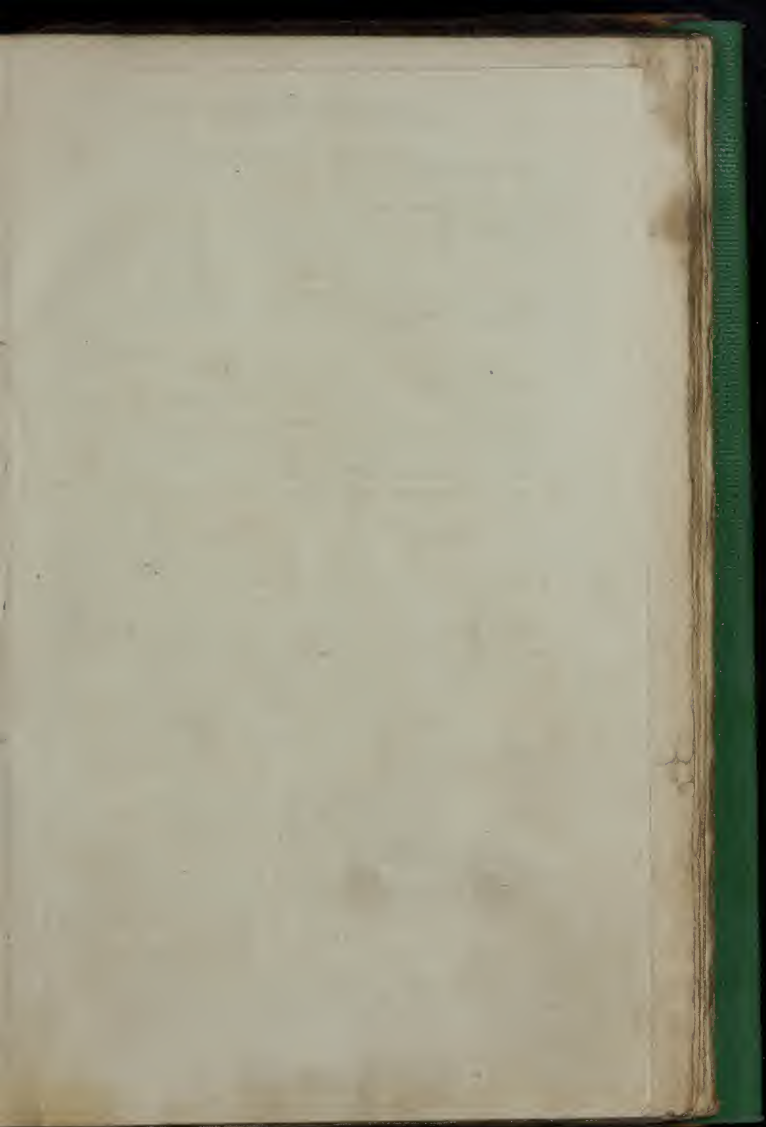
*(Fiorelli sends the serenaders away.) A. H. U. E.**Enter FIGARO. from his Shop R. H.*

*Fig.* And so, my smooth chinn'd philosopher,  
 you thought to deliver your letter free from postage ? quite impossible, I assure you.

*Fior.* And pray, Signor, who are you, and what letter are you speaking of ?

*Fig.* What letter ? Why, the letter, the letter you've got in your pocket—the letter, that you wanted to convey to Rosina ; and as to your “ Who am I ? ” You must be a stranger indeed in Seville, not to know that—Ask the girl's who I am—I'm the Barber—a distinction, of which I'm not a little proud ; Did you never hear of it before ? Every thing that's smart, every thing that's handsome, every thing that's roguish, every thing that's intriguing,—all, all, that's the Barber. *X L.*

*Fior.* And can you, with these pretensions, des-





8.

2

Balcony L. Rosina-Long and Pencil.

✓  
—

—



troy my master's hopes, who loves Rosina to distraction?

*Fig.* Honor—my duty—I'm out-door spy here, by appointment, in short I'm tenant to Dr. Bartolo, over head and ears in debt to him for rent, and sure to go to prison, if I am not vigilant.

*Fior.* Aye, but my master can prevent that, for he has both power and inclination to reward you liberally.

*Fig.* Oh, I am always grateful for the favours I am to receive, and to prove I deserve them, I'll tell you something about your master—He's a slim, genteel Stranger, arrived in Seville three days back, very much in love with Dr. Bartolo's ward,—has haunted his door, as yet, without success, and has now sent you to watch when Rosina comes to the balcony.

*Fior.* Well guess'd, my Argus of Seville! but, yet, no name, no rank discovered.

*Fig.* 'Tis impossible to keep them secret from me long, if I don't discover them to day, I shall tomorrow, so you may as well divulge. If I like your master, and admit his pretensions, perhaps he may have a chance, if not, let him despair! With Marshal Bartolo within, and general Figaro without, the Citadel can never be taken, depend upon it.

*Fior.* Well, if I do divulge the secret, necessity is my excuse;—Know then, my master is the Count Almiviva.

*Fig.* (with great surprise.) Who?

*Fior.* Count Almiviva.

*Fig.* Excellent! excellent! [*laughing and dancing about.*]

*Fior.* Hush! hush! for Heaven's sake! what's the matter?

*Fig.* My old master!

*Fior.* What?

*Fig.* That I lived so long with at Madrid.

*Fior.* Impossible! the young Count never had

but one confidential servant before I lived with him, and he was discharged for roguery.

*Fig.* Ah, see how a poor fellow's character may be traduced ! Sir, I was dismiss'd thro' a mistake ; the Count charged me with wearing his cloathes, before he had done with them ; Now, the fact was, I only tried them on, before he had begun with them—No, sir, I'd have you know, I had a soul above old Clothes.

*Fior.* Well, are we allies now, Figaro ? will you assist us ?

*Fig.* To the utmost verge of discretion ; self first, Count Almaviva second ; Let him state the terms of our confederacy—Bartolo, in one scale, Almaviva in the other—Justice is blind.

(*Rosina draws up the venetian blind at the balcony,*  
But soft, she comes forth ; Now, to shew you my good will, I'll let you commence your operations, but I must pretend to be in bed, for if Dr. Bartolo once suspects me, all my power to serve your master vanishes. (*Exit into his house. R. 2. E.*)

DUETTO.—*Fiorelli and Rosina.*

*Fior.* Oh ! maiden fair, the morning breaks,  
And with the morn thy true love wakes !  
He wakes in hope to set thee free,  
And share thy love and liberty.

*Rosina.* Ah ! gentle youth, my burning cheek  
*(Appearance on the balcony)* Would shame the morning's ruddy streak,  
If he for whom I feel it glow,  
Could hear my tongue my hopes avow.

*Both.* Ah ! maiden fair } to thee } I swear,  
Ah ! gentle youth } to him }  
By ev'ry vow to love that's dear,  
Thy lover } rest, or joy disdains,  
*Rosina* }  
Till he } has burst the tyrant's chains.  
*she* }

*L. 2. C.* *Bart.* [*calls without.*] Rosina ! Rosina !

*Ros.* [*To Fiorello.*] 'Tis my guardian's voice !  
hide under the window !

By this time lamps up, and side lights on. 0212

By this time lamps up, and side lights on.

(3)

L. 28 - Bartolo - Keys.

Hat & cloak ready at door L. 28.

(4)

L. 11.8. Almariva - Paseo.

*Bart.* [*entering the balcony.*] Rosina, my love, what, at your matins so early?

*Ros.* Yes, sir, the beauty of the morning tempted me out; the birds carrol'd their songs of freedom, why not I mine of captivity?

*Bart.* Well, well, so long as you do sing, no matter for what; and, as you are in a singing mood, will you favour me with the song you sung so well last night?

*Ros.* [*looking over some music.*] I would with great pleasure, sir, but unluckily, I have left it in my own room; if you will do me the favour to fetch it, I will sing with cheerfulness.

*Bart.* Good girl! good girl! how kind and complying! I'll fetch it back in an instant.

[*Exit. from balcony*]

*Ros.* Now, then, to make the most of that instant! [*takes pencil and writes a Song.*]

*Fior.* [*from under the balcony.*] Signora! Signora! shall I run and fetch my master?

*Ros.* No, no; bear this song to him, I shall have done it in an instant.

*Bart.* [*speaks without.*] The song an't in your room! I've search'd for it high and low.

*Ros.* [*embarrassed.*] Oh! dear sir, I'm sorry you've had the trouble, I've got it, here it is—

[*Holds it out, drops it, and screams.*]

*Enter BARTOLO. on Balcony*

Ah! it has fallen into the street; Oh, my dear sir, run down, and get it, I would not lose it for the world.

*Bart.* Oh! Jade! Jade! you drop't it on purpose! I perceived it! in with you!—I'll fetch it; but I'll fasten the balcony first—In, in, I say!

[*They retire, and Bartolo fastens the blind.*]

*Fior.* [*takes up the Song.*] Now, then, with the wings of Mercury to delight my master.

*Fig.* [*peeping from his door.*] Hold! don't forget

4



to whom you are indebted for all this ; and tell the Count to come to me with speed—away, away !

*L. H. E.*, [*Exit Fiorello, Figaro returns to house.*]

*Enter Bartolo from his door, stooping to pick up*  
*2 L. L.* *the Song.*

*Bart.* Why, where the devil is it ? (*looks about.*) Gone ! gone ; and I'm trick'd ! Oh, that balcony—that balcony is a temptation to intrigue ; I'll have it pulled down, and the window brick'd up ! And, look here ! Figaro's shop not open ! What is he about ? (*knocks loud at the door and calls,*) Figaro ! Figaro ! [*Figaro opens the window in his night cap, and puts a blunderbuss out.*]

*Fig.* If you don't go away, you're a dead man.

*Bart.* Mercy on us ! don't you know, Figaro ?

*Fig.* (*gaping.*) I know nobody in sleep.

*Bart.* (*creeps under the window for safety*) O dear ! O dear !

*Fig.* If you attack my house in the middle of the night, I'll blow your brains out.

*Bart.* I'm Doctor Bartolo, your landlord ! be quiet and come down.

*Fig.* Lord, sir, is it you ? I'll be with you in a moment. (*leaves the window.*)

*Bart.* Was ever man so plagued with stupidity and roguery ! Every thing goes contrary ;—all conspire to fret me ! That fellow sleeps, because I wish him to keep awake, and my Ward wakes, because I want her to sleep—But I'll get my marriage contract engross'd to day, and then my fears will end.

*House R.* *Enter FIGARO, who opens his shop-windows.*

*Fig.* In the name of all the saints, Signor, what has rous'd you so early ?

*Bart.* The serenaders, the caterwaulers ; my intended wife has roused me,—aye, and ought to have roused you too ; but Somnus was watchful, compared to you ; [*During this speech he is locking the door.*] What devil could prompt me to

N. 2. E.

(The map of the land from the house to the road is  
shown.)

In by Mr. Pearson. 1832

Specimen 4 1836-7.  
Q. Thompson & Co. Japan (1836-7)  
H. L. L.



leave the balcony ? Then, this stupid fellow, Basil, not to come with the marriage contract, as he promised. *L.H.C. Enter Basil, who approaches him on*

*Enter FIORELLO at the back, watching Bartolo.*

*Bart.* Figaro ? Rosina and I are to be privately married to-morrow ; I am now going to fetch Basil, so, don't let a creature go near my door. *X.R.* I have locked my servants all up, to prevent intrigue ; do your duty this one day, and your arrear of rent is cancelled.

*R.H. (Exit, looking first at the house, and then at Figaro, very suspiciously.)*

*Fig.* So, off goes the old, and now for the new lover.

*(He makes signs to Fiorelli, who beckons on Count ALMIVIVA—He runs to Figaro.)*

*Count.* Ah, my faithful Figaro.

*Fig.* Yes, my lord, your honest old servant.

*Count.* Hush—*[stops his mouth.]* My title, and your honesty must not be mentioned now ! I am here, in disguise, perhaps you are the same, I say nothing of your roguery, you say nothing of my rank.

*Fig.* I'll not mention a word, my lord.

*Count.* Silence, rascal—or I'll break your bones.

*Fig.* Thank you a thousand times ; the same kind, familiar, free-spoken, friendly, noble—

*Count.* Hold, knave ; you I find, still the same chattering blockhead, with all your bad habits confirmed.

*Fig.* Why, as you turn'd me off for making too free with your good ones, I think you shou'dn't find fault with me for using my own.

*Count.* Well, Figaro, you hav'nt starv'd since we parted ; I think you are much lustier.

*Fig.* Yes, signor, want and fasting have done it.

*Count.* Want ?

*Fig.* Yes, signor, it has puff'd me out, a starv'd land produces a toad-stool.

*Count.* But, when you left me at Madrid, you got employment; how did you play your cards to lose that?

*Fig.* All owing to an odd trick, sir; so they cut me out of the game; upon which, I turned my back upon Madrid, and with all my worldly wealth in a pocket handkerchief, I took a sentimental journey to Seville, to which place I begg'd, borrowed, and shaved my way, till having overcome all difficulties I am at last settled in this shop, by Doctor Bartolo.

*Count.* Know, then, about six months ago, I met Rosina on the Prado at Madrid—she captivated me beyond my power to describe; I sought her in vain, thro' every house in the city,—At length, discovered her to be of noble extraction, an orphan, and, they say, married to Doctor Bartolo.

*Fig.* They say, who says?

*Count.* Common report.

*Fig.* Common report's a common liar; the Doctor gives himself out for her husband, merely to keep off others; she is yet only his ward; but, to-morrow, indeed, will make her his wife.

*Count.* That to-morrow shall never come.

*Fig.* Lord, sir, you don't mean to murder him?

*Count.* No; but I mean to carry off Rosina, and that will save the necessity. What is the outline of old Bartolo's character?

*Fig.* A peeping, peering, growling, grunting, spying, spiteful, stingy, jealous old curmudgeon,

*Count.* His private virtues concisely summed up, now, for his public functions?

*Fig.* He has none. In short, he is hated by his ward, despised by the world, and hardly honest enough to keep himself from the gallies.

*Count.* But, is he very jealous?

*Fig.* Jealous? he walks with the candle behind him, for fear of leaving his shadow in the room

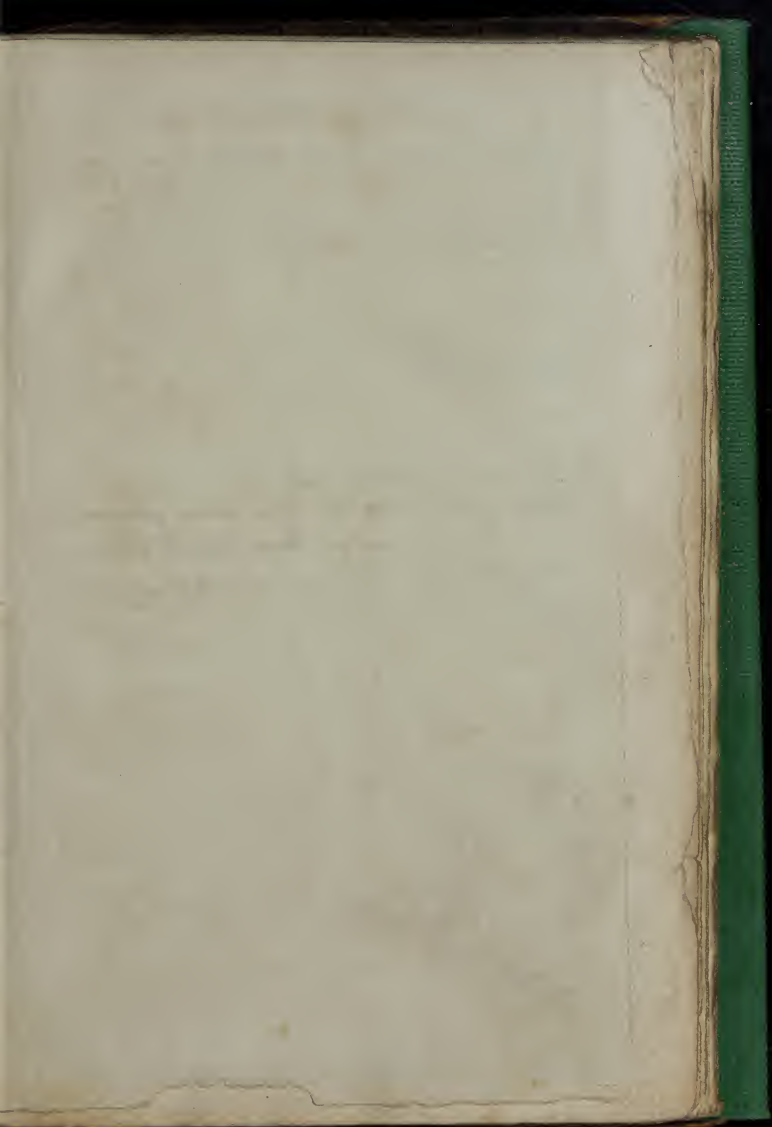


Fig. Yes, and pretty freely too!

Count. Yes, I perceive You have got your  
Lancet ready - There, there, there -  
O, come I think I've lost enough! -

with her; no male visitors are ever permitted within his walls.

Count. Have not you access, Figaro?

Fig. Yes, because he can't do without me. I am his Barber, Surgeon and apothecary—Razors, Lancet, Pestle and Mortar—always something to do in the house.

Count. Oh, my dear Figaro—you were born to be my friend. [*Embracing him warmly.*]

Fig. Oh, my dear Count—[*Embraces in his turn.*] How familiar a great man is, when he wants one's assistance. (*Aside.*)

Count. Now, what will be the best disguise for me to assume? [*L.H.*]

(Figaro *looks at him with affected surprise.*)

Come, come, my dear Figaro, no affectation; for tho' you are his apothecary, you know you are my physician.

Fig. Indeed! then, let me feel your pulse.

Count. You needn't—I know I must bleed. X

[*Count takes out his purse—Figaro holds out his hand without looking at Count, who keeps putting money into it.*]

There, there, there! I've lost enough, I think.

Fig. No;—a few ounces more.

Count. Why, I shall bleed to death!

Fig. Your Doctor knows best what's good for you.

Count. There, take it all. [*puts the purse into Figaro's hand.*] And, now, are you satisfied?

Fig. [*puts purse in his pocket, without looking at it.*] I'll put it in a cool place, and examine it to-morrow.

Count. Well, then, instruct me, now, how I shall get admitted into the house.

Fig. Thus, have you observed a number of soldiers in the City?

Count. Certainly, their Colonel is my friend—We quarter in the same hotel.



*Fig.* Fortunate! another Batalion of the Regiment are now marching in—You shall borrow a suit of their clothes, and be quartered on Doctor Bartolo.

*Count.* Transporting thought!

*Fig.* But you must get a protection from your friend, the Colonel, in case the soldiers should question you; and, as you may be guilty of some trifling extravagance in Bartolo's house, you had better pretend to be a little tipsey,—this will put him off his guard, and he won't so much dispute you

*Count.* I am already drunk with joy! But, how shall we lull the vigilance of the servants?

*Fig.* I think the art of medicine may <sup>purish</sup> ~~punish~~ the means.

*Count.* Why, villain, you wouldn't poison—

*Fig.* O fie, the Doctors never call it poisoning—No, not poison, but—In short, they are always wanting my assistance, and now I'll give them a little something, that will do you good, But, what did Rosina write on the Song, which I saw her throw out of the window.

*Count.* That shall be attended to immediately. Fiorello! (*calls.*)

*Fior.* Here, sir. (*comes down.*) [*Comes down R.*

*Count.* Figaro, you must be acquainted with my faithful Fiorello, he is to be depended on. (*takes the Song from Fiorello*) Hear what she says.

(*reads.*) "I have observed your attendance at my window.—I remember you at Madrid—Sing some words to this air, under my balcony, which may let me know the name, situation, and intention of him, who seems interested for the unfortunate Rosina." Charming, charming Rosina; but what the devil shall I do? I can't sing a note.

*Fig.* Give it to me. I'm very pathetic in love songs. (*sings extravagantly.*)

*Count.* Hold your fool's tongue; Here, Fiorello, while I prepare my disguise, take the ballad, and

*written*

△ Figaro x to Fiorello, embraces him, }  
and returns to L.H. ... }

x 12.

5

L. Rosina.

101.



do the best for me. In an hour, Figaro, expect me equipp'd *en militaire* ! and may the God of love assist me to unbar the gate, and bear my prize triumphantly away.

[Exit. L. H. U. F.]

*Fig.* And I'll to my shop, and prepare some medicines for Bartolo's servants. But, I say, youngster, let me hear a specimen of your love-songs, since you're to sing for your master, instead of Figaro.

*Fior.* Pooh ! pooh

*Fig.* Pooh, pooh, Come, begin—You won't ? then, listen ! I'll give you a lesson in the Amorooso pathetic ! Oh !

DUETT—Figaro and Fiorello.

*Fig.* Mighty Jove, in golden shower,  
Once who fell on Danaë's breast ;  
Give to me gold's dazzling pow'r,  
Ev'ry maid would make me blest.

*Fior.* Hold thy pompous, silly railing,  
Gold but wins the meaner part ;  
True love's song is more prevailing,  
“ Dearest ! give me heart for heart.”

*Both.* Faith, my comrade, tuneful thrilling !  
Bravo ! bravo ! both are killing !  
Now away, then ! and success, boy !  
Both our efforts soon will bless, boy !

*Fior.* When song is flowing,  
When love is glowing,  
O'er fancy throwing  
Her light divine !  
Thoughts bright and beaming,  
As sun-beams streaming,  
O'er maidens dreaming,  
Then, then are mine !

*Fig.* When cups are clinking,  
When gold is chinking,  
Those, to my thinking,  
Are more divine !  
Thoughts bright and beaming,  
As guineas streaming,  
O'er misers dreaming  
Then, then are mine !

*Exeunt.*

{ *Figaro into his house.*  
*Fiorello — U. S. L. H.*

*Change*

## SCENE II.

*Rosina's Apartment. I. Groove**Tables, Chair, Writing Materials, Jambou's frame R.**bring L. in.**Enter ROSINA. L. H.*

*Ros.* What a situation has fortune placed me in!  
 An Orphan in the power of a wretch, base enough  
 to take the advantage his Guardianship gives him,  
 to force me into a marriage with himself,—This,  
 surely, is an apology for my conduct—Immured,  
 and in the hands of such a Man, is it a crime to  
 deliver myself from the dreadful bondage?

SONG.—*Rosina.*

Tyrant, soon I'll burst thy chains,  
 Sweeter bonds than thine to prove;  
 Passion's voice thrills thro' my veins,  
 Waking all my soul to love.

With mild and docile air,  
 And playful as a lamb,  
 Never was gentler fair  
 Than all confess I am.

Doves not more meek appear,  
 If none ~~partake~~ *partake*, or chide.  
 But if with tyrant sway.

My mind they seek to fix,  
 I'd die to have my way;—

A thousand wayward tricks  
 And subtle wiles I'd play,

'Ere they my will should guide.

(*Sits.*) Marcellina!

*Enter MARCELLINA. L. H.*

Marcellina, is my guardian returned?

*Marc.* I believe he is, my lady; I saw him talking to Figaro, over the way, just now—He, and Basil, your music Master, seem'd to be returning together.

*Ros.* If Figaro is come in with them, send him to me privately—tell him I want to speak to him,

*Mar.* Yes, my lady—(*aside.*) and I want to speak to him also, but both upon the same subject I've no doubt.

[*Exit.* L.H.]

*Ros.* I think I'll write, and explain more fully to him; but, the walls have eyes, and ears, I believe, for my guardian is made acquainted with every thing I do—but I will write; (*writes.*) Heaven knows if I shall be ever able to send this—however, I'll have it ready. I saw my spark thro' the blind, in a long discourse with Figaro—that Figaro's a good creature! When he comes I shall perhaps get some intelligence. [*folds up the letter, and puts it in her bosom.*]

Enter FIGARO. L.H.

*Fig.* All the intelligence I can communicate, you may command, Signora.

*Ros.* Ah, Figaro! I'm glad to see you.

*Fig.* Thank you, madam, I hope you are well, this morning.

*Ros.* No, Figaro, I am ill—dying with ennui.

*Fig.* That's wrong, Madam, in one so handsome and accomplished as you are.

*Ros.* Alas, Figaro, what avails beauty, or accomplishments, if I am to be ever shut up within these walls?

*Fig.* Ah; to-morrow opens your prison, gives us all some wedding-cake, and makes you Madame Bartolo.

*Ros.* Never, Figaro!

*Fig.* The Doctor's this moment returned with Basil, his prime minister, and your music-Master, they are now closetted together, and prising over the contract.

*Ros.* Then it would be a pity to disturb their dreams—so, let them rest, and tell me, Figaro, who was that with whom you were in such earnest conversation, under my window, just now?

*Fig.* Oh, a charming young man—a friend of

mine—a student at the university, of great expectations wonderful talent and uncommonly handsome

*Ros.* You give him a high character, Figaro.

*Fig.* Not more than he deserves Madam, I assure you!—He is a dutiful son, an affectionate brother, and a kind friend; and might make his fortune by marriage, over and over again—but he has one very great fault.

*Ros.* Ha! what is that, Figaro?

*Fig.* The fool's in love, Ma'am.

*Ros.* Do you call that a fault?

*Fig.* The greatest, Madam; what right has a poor young man like this, to fall in love?

*Ros.* The right that nature gives, when she makes a poor young man so amiable! What is his name, Figaro?

*Fig.* His name is Lindor, Madam.

*Ros.* Poor Lindor;—and the name of the Lady, who is the object of his passion?

*Fig.* Ah! Madam, that's a secret not to be divulged!—the lady herself don't know of his passion, his diffidence is so great—he never told his love—but, as the English Poet says—"He let's concealment like a worm in the bud, feed on his damask cheek."

*Ros.* Heigho! does the lady he loves, live far from this place?

*Fig.* Quite close, madam.

*Ros.* Is she of this neighbourhood?

*Fig.* Of this city, madam.

*Ros.* And what sort of a person has she?

*Fig.* Agreeable beyond compare;—Figure, en bon point—Face, smiling and good-natured—hair, dark—eyes, blue—cheeks, rosy, and a hand, whose touch would thaw an icicle?

*Ros.* And her name, Figaro?

*Fig.* Must not pass my lips, Madam.

*Ros.* Why, Figaro?

exemplar

7

L. Bartolo — Blank Paper  
Three times



*Fig.* Because, I've sworn my mouth should not sound her name, 'till she changes it to another.

*Ros.* But I have seen you talk with your fingers, Figaro.

*Fig. (aside.)* The devil never fail'd a woman at invention ! (he makes the letters of her name with his fingers, and she repeats them with the signs.)

*Ros.* R. O. S. I. N. A.—Rosina !

*Fig.* The same—Ward to Dr. Bartolo.

*Ros.* Can it be possible ? Sure you do but jest—yet I will confess, I had half imagined it—but tell me all !

*Fig.* He fell desperately in love with you at Madrid—follow'd you to Seville, and if you will take him, poor as he is, he will rescue you, or perish in the attempt.

*Ros.* Can I believe you, Figaro !

*Fig.* No, Ma'am, don't believe me—let him come and tell you himself. *(Going L.)*

*Ros.* Come here ! Are you mad ?

*Fig.* Suppose you send him a letter ?

*Ros.* A letter ! Can you think I could be so imprudent ?—Impossible ?—Impossible ! such conduct would extinguish every spark of love.

*Fig.* That depends on how the spark is attach'd; the same breath that blows out a Candle, can blow it in again !—a rude blast will extinguish a torch, while a soft breath will light up a furnace !

*Ros.* I can't write, but I'll send him a message. Tell him, Figaro, out of friendship—only out of friendship—that—I-I-I don't know what to say, I'm sure !

*Fig.* Say nothing, Ma'am, but write !—Lord ! I am the worst at delivering a message in the world ; 'tis ten to one but I say, you were stark mad with joy, and quite impatient to see him.

*Ros.* Heaven forbid, Figaro !—then you think I had better write ?

*Fig.* Certainly, Ma'am, write instantly !

*Ros.* Well, Figaro — (draws a letter from her bosom.) then take it !

*Fig.* Pretty innocent ! (imitating her) "I can't write—such conduct would extinguish every spark of love."—Oh, Woman ! Woman ! how apt you are, and how little teaching do you want !

L.H.

*Bart.* (without.) What ! not one rascally Servant in the way !

*Ros.* Heavens ! my guardian !—If he finds you with me, he'll suspect a thousand things !—

*Fig.* Fear nothing ; I'll slip down the back stairs — and attend my patients, Argus, and Tallboy—to whom I have administered a prescription which will be rather unpleasant. I'll then fly, and deliver your prescription to Lindor, which will revive his hopes and conjure him here, in less time than you expect, so be prepared !

R.H. [*Exit.*]

*Ros.* I shall be all anxiety, 'till I know what his plans are !—I declare, I tremble so already, I can scarcely stand, and here comes my tyrant ! (sits to her tambour and sings.) *Enter Bartolo* L.H.

*Bart.* Oh ! a plague of that Figaro !—I never let him into my house, but he does me some mischief !

*Ros.* What now, Sir ? what has Figaro done to vex you now ?

*Bart.* ~~Ros.~~ Done !—the damn'd Barbering-Surgeon, in ten minutes, has laid up my whole family !—not a Servant has escaped him !—he has given the Footman a Sleeping-draught—the Cook, a Sweat—the Coachman a Sneezing-powder—he has bled the Porter in the foot, and clapp'd a plaister on the single peeper of the one-ey'd Mule !

*Ros.* If you want any thing, Sir, I'll attend you with much pleasure.

*Bart.* You are remarkably obliging to-day, Rosina you kindly offer'd to sing me a Song, and more kindly threw it into the street, for somebody to whip it up !

*Ros.* I dropped it by accident, Sir ; and perhaps the wind, or some chance passenger.



18  
18  
18E

+ to RH

The string of our first cloak is gone

8.

To be Called upon.

Master's Song.

Bring out the

L.

L

9-

*Bart.* Yes, yes, the wind! there is something in the wind, I believe!—And the chance passenger was waiting to pick up any paper the Lady might drop on purpose by accident.

*Ros.* Your suspicions, Sir, are as unfounded, as they are offensive! *X L. H.*

*Bar.* They are offensive, Rosina, because they are not unfounded.—I dare say, I am not right in suspecting that Figaro has been with you? *See in the margin*

*Ros.* Why, sir are you jealous of Figaro? *See in the margin*

*Bart.* Figaro is a man, Madam!

*Ros.* And must I be in love with every man, I see?

*Bart.* I don't know.

*Ros.* Yes, you do, Sir; for I see you every day, without being in love.

*Bart.* That's not to the purpose—Has not Figaro brought you an answer to the billet you dropped out of the window?

*Ros.* Continue, sir, to insult me with your ungenerous surmizes—I know I must bear it.

*Bart.* And Figaro has not brought you a letter?

*Ros.* No, sir, on my honour.

*Bart.* And have you written no answer to any thing he has brought?

*Ros.* No, sir.

*Bart.* Perhaps you have not written at all?

*Ros.* No, sir.

*Bart.* (*catching hold of her hand.*) Then how came your finger mark'd with ink?

*Ros.* Ink, sir—that's a burn—I burnt my finger and it made a mark, so I put some ink on it, to send it away.

*Bart.* Oh, you burn't it! and did you burn one of the sheets of paper I left here? There were three, and there are but two remaining—but, I suppose, you put some ink on that, and sent it away.

*Ros.* No, sir—I—I—that sheet of paper, I used to wrap some sweetmeats in, which I gave to Figaro.

*Bart.* Gave Figaro sweetmeats?

*Ros.* Yes, sir, for little Agnes.

*Bart.* And, who the devil is little Agnes?

*Ros.* His niece, sir.

*Bart.* I never heard of her—he has no niece.

*Ros.* Oh! yes, yes,—little Agnes, a baby.

*Bart.* Oh! you wrapt up some sweetmeats, to send by Figaro, to the little baby, which of course, must have wanted directing, for I see the pen has been used lately, as the ink is yet wet in it!

*Ros.* No, sir, I used that pen to draw a flower for my tambour.

*Bart.* A flower! what flower? a devil in a bush?

*Ros.* It wasn't Heartsease, I'm sure, sir.

*Bart.* Oh, Rosina, Rosina! you attempt in vain to impose on me! In, in to your chamber, and with the Lattice lock'd on one side, and this door on the other, perhaps I may secure you.

*Ros.* My person, but not my mind, that is as free as air; nor bolts, or bars, can ever fetter that.

*R. H. D.* [*She goes in—he locks the door.*]

*Bart.* Oh, woman, woman! thou beauteous bit of mischief; how you torment us through life.—at, twenty, you're pleasing, at forty, teasing, and ever after a perpetual blister.

SONG.—*Bartolo.*

Woman-kind  
Are defin'd,  
Truly worst of life's vexations;  
All their joy,  
Man and boy,  
Is to make us slaves:  
Thro' all ages,  
Still they plague us,  
Stir our passions, try our patience!  
(harms that grieve us,  
Never leave us  
'Till we're in our graves.  
For woman-kind, &c.

Never yet  
Was a net  
Half so strong as woman's beauty:  
Pull and strain,  
All in vain,



(2)

L. 2 E. Almariva - A letter B. Paper - Snuff box

R. 11. E. Basil.



Never will it break ;  
 When she frees *ye*  
 You're uneasy.  
 Then 'tis pleasure, rapture, duty,  
 To be sighing,  
 Cringeing, dying,  
 For the gigsey's sake.  
 For women-kind, &c.  
 Warm and cold,  
 Shy and bold,  
 Never certain long together ;  
 Foul and fine,  
 Rain and shine,  
 Calm, and breeze, and squall !  
 Always ranging,  
 Shifting, changing,  
 Quicker than the wildest weather !  
*Madd'ning* Shooting, vexing,  
 Never fixing ;  
 Devil take 'em all !  
 For woman-kind, &c.

[Exit *R.H.*]

SCENE III.

A Chamber. *3<sup>d</sup> 2<sup>d</sup>*

*3<sup>d</sup> L.L.H.* Enter MARCELLINA,

Mar. What a disagreeable house this is! nothing but noise and snarling! my old master may lock Rosina up, but, if my spark keeps his word, she'll soon be released, in spite of him *[a knocking at the street door.]* Whom have we here? *[Knocking repeated.]* The Don's in a hurry, whoever he may be; Well, I must be Porter to-day, for not a man servant in the house but Figaro has disabled. *(Knocking again.)*

Enter BARTOLO. *R.H.*

Bart. Hey-day! what thundering noise is this? *[Knocking continued]*  
 Is the house on fire, or, are we besieged?



*Mar.* Beseiged, I dare say, sir, for they are soldiers that are so clamourous.

*Bart.* Soldiers? what the devil have I to do with soldiers?

*Mar.* You know, sir, the whole City's full of them; they are quarter'd in every house, and these I suppose, fall to your share.

*Bar.* Oh! this completes my misery! I dare not refuse them, and yet I dread to let them in.—  
*Argus!* Tallboy! Come, and answer the door  
*Argus,* I say!

*H. E. R. H.* *Enter ARGUS, (stretching and yawning.)*

Oh! you are here, sir?

*Argus.* A—a—a—h—ah!—did you a—a—ah—  
ca—a—a—ll—sir?

*Bart.* Call, sirrah!—aye, don't you hear the knocking at the door? its loud enough to wake the dead, old opium—where have you been?

*Argus.* Sir, I wa—a—a—s—

*Bart.* Was! contriving some roguery.

*Argus.* No, sir; Fig—a—a—ro f—f—ound me very ill, and ga—a—a—ve me a—a—a draught to compose me.

*Bart.* Compose,—a scoundrel—How dare he give you a draught without my prescription?—Where's Tallboy? Call him to me.

*Argus,* Tall—b—o—o—y?

*Bart.* Shut your mouth, you fool, and let me call him, myself—Tallboy? Tallboy!

*L. H.* *Enter TALLBOY, sneezing.*

*Tall.* Atchi!—here,—here—Chi—chi—here, sir.

*Bart.* The fellow will sneeze his head off.

*Tallb.* I've sneez'd above fif—fif—fif—atchi—fifty times in a minute.—It has shook—shook—shook—Atchi!—Oh! shook me to pieces.

*Bart.* Hark ye, rascals!

*Argus.* Ye—e—es, sir!

*Tall.* Ye—ye—atchi! yes, Sir! | *Together.*

✕✕ (*Loud knocking at the door.*)

1.8  
1.8  
1.2E

(10)

L. 2<sup>d</sup> E. Fiorello — (Twice)

R. 2<sup>d</sup> E. Rosina — (written paper)

L. Figaro.

L. 2<sup>d</sup> E. { Officer  
at { Soldiers  
door }

Crash ready. R. 2<sup>d</sup> E.

Knocking ready L. 2<sup>d</sup> E.

*Bart.* Oh! you gaping sneezing scoundrels! There's some roguery at the bottom of this—Get about your business!—I'll go to the door, myself.

[*Exeunt Argus, Tallboy & Bartolo.*]

*Mar.* Excellent Figaro! he has completely disabled Tallboy and Argus—They can give no interruption to our lovers—But, Rosina is lock'd up, and though they may get admittance into the house, it will require additional ingenuity to get her out of it.

*Argus R.H.S.*  
*Tallboy L.H.S.*  
*Bartolo L.H.S.*

10

*Enter BARTOLO backwards, trying to prevent COUNT ALMAVIVA, from entering—the Count is disguised as an Officer, and affects drunkenness.* *L.H.D.*

*Bart.* If you would do me the favor to walk into another room—

*Count.* Yes, yes, I'll do you the favour to walk into your rooms, old boy!

*Bart.* Drunk too! Oh, dear!—This room you won't like, sir.

*Count.* You're quite right, Sir—I do like it much.

*Bart.* But, sir, I believe I have a privilege, which exempts me from having troops quartered on me.

*Count.* Yes, yes, you're exempt, quite exempt, that made me come.

*Bart.* Yes, sir, it is a licence which expressly states, I'm not to have one—

*Count.* No, not one—(*stopping his mouth.*) certainly, not one—So, there are two of us! my comrade, he's a little sober, I'm a little mellow, you old rogue! and that's the way we soldiers carry on the war. *X R*

*Bart.* What am I to do? Where is your billet, Let me look at it!

*Count.* My billet?

*Bart.* Ay, your billet; for my exemption I carry about with me. [*Count turns from him.*] Here, it is. [*Takes paper from his pocket.*]

*Count.* Aye here it is sure enough. [~~Staggering to a chair and sits down.~~] Your'e exceedingly polite, and I will sit down with a great deal of pleasure.

*Bart.* Sir. I didn't ask you to sit down.

*Count.* Oh, my dear, sir, you are extremely kind, and I'll accept your offer.

*Bart.* This fellow'll drive me mad—I ask you once for all, to see your billet, or in this house you don't stay.

*Count.* Billet! billet! oh yes, you shall see it, it is but right. [*rises and draws his sword*] Here it is; look at it, my old boy!

*Bart.* [*calling.*] Help! help! where are all the servants? Oh! I forgot! where's Basil? [*calling.* Basil! come to my assistance!

[*The Count goes up on the opposite side, and meets MARCELLINA*

*Count.* [*in a low and quiet voice.*] Where is my angel confined?

*Marc.* In that room; but, be prudent.

*Bart.* [*turns and sees them together.* Ah! that she-devil is plotting with him—Will nobody come, and turn that drunken rascal out? Basil! why don't you come to my assistance?

*H. E. R. H.* *Entes BASIL.* [*comes down*! H]

*Bas.* What noise is this?

*Bart.* Fetch me an Alguazile! [*violent knocking at the door.*—*Opens the door, and looks out.*]

*Bas.* Why, here is another of them, and he seems as far gone as his comrade.

## FINALE.

*Finale.*

*Enter Fiorello*

*28.1.*

*Fior.* Hollo! house here!—Hey! good people!

Hollo! house here!—Faith, you'll sleep ill!

*Bar.* Who can this be?—Ugly fellow!

Drunken rascal, thus to bellow!

*Fior.* Hollo! house there! All are still here!

*Bar.* Signor Whiskers, what's your will here?

*Fior.* Hey! oh, oh!—Pray, how d'ye do, sir?

*Bar.* Stupid puppy! Who, are you, sir?

*Fior.* Are not you, sir—but steady—order!

Doctor Balardo?

15 The door is left open

1. Drives them off, while they run  
against, and break open the door  
of Rosina's Room R. 2. R.

2. Fiorello interposes & gets the Letter)

3. { Rosina conceals the letter, and offers a  
different paper to Bartolo



Bar. What Balardo?

Fior. Ah! ah, Bertoldo—

Bar. Pooh! ~~Bertoldo!~~ Bertoldo?

Nosuch person—Hear me, fool, do!

Doctor Bartolo! Doctor Bartolo!

Fior. Ah! bravissimo! Doctor Barbaro

Bar. Provoking! Who waits there?

Basil!—Tallboy!—Argus! here!

*Enter ARGUS. R.H.E.*

Arg. Ya-a-aw! Did you call, sir?

Bar. Yes, the dead might hear me bawl, sir!

But you've had a sleeping dose?

Arg. Ye-e-es—Figaro gave it to compose.

Bar. I'll compose him!—Tallboy!—here!

*Enter TALLBOY. L.H.E.*

Tall. I'm here, sir—Chi—(*Sneezes*) at chi—oh, dear!

Bar. Curse your gaping and sneezing, I sure shall go mad!

But I'll be revenged! if revenge can be had! <sup>1</sup>

*Enter ROSINA. 2 E. R.*

Rosina. Gracious heaven! what a clangor!

What has rais'd my guardy's anger?

Fior. [*to Count*]. Now's the time, sir, give the letter!

'Tis your Lindor! [*to Rosina*].

(*Count throws a letter.*)

Bar. ~~What a match!~~ That's for me.

Fior. No—stop a little! you shall see,

<sup>2</sup> Prescriptions only are for you;

But letters go where they are due! (*Gives it to Rosina*)

Ros. Charming! Charming! Oh! delightful!

Bar. Charm—the devil! Oh! 'tis frightful! <sup>3</sup>

Ros. What a fuss! here take the letter!

Ever thus for nought you school me!

(*Gives a wrong paper.*)

Bar. [*reads*]. "List of dresses!" I know better!

"Gowns and night-caps!" They but fool me!

Ros. } Bravo! bravo! all his right now,

Fio. } Fortune takes the lover's part;

Mar. } O'er their ev'ry day and night now,

} Love his blessing shall impart.

Bar. Plague upon 'em! rage and spite now

Rack my brain, and tear my heart.

*Enter FIGARO. L.H. (200/100)*

Fig. What has happened? some disaster?

Can I help you worthy master?

Bar. Scoundrel! you are in the plot, sir.

Fig. 'Pon my honour, I am not sir.

Ros.

Fior. } Stay your hand, sir! he is not, sir.

Mor. }

*Bartolo goes to beat Figaro—  
the rest hold him off.*

## THE BARBER OF SEVILLE,

*L. 28.**Enter BASIL. from the street—*

*Bas.* Hold ! there, hold ! why all this stunning ?  
Half your good neighbours this way running.

*Ros. Fig.* } Hush ! hush ! be quiet, let us all agree.  
*Fi. Mar.* }

*& Basil.*

*All.* Sounds of authority ! Who can they be ?

*Bar.* Who's there ?

*L. 28. E. Soldiers. [without,]* Admit us, and you shall see,

*All.* The soldiers ! Admit them ! *Admit Basil*

*Enter Officer and Soldiers, who range*

*Officer.* Stand, good people, quick, obey us !  
Tell the reason of this noise.

*Bar.* Sir, these soldiers have abus'd me,  
Like a very dog have us'd me !

*Basil.* Sir, these soldiers are the cause here,  
Of the riot, and the noise here.

*Fig.* Sir, I came to see the clatter,  
But know nothing of the matter !

*Fior.* Sir, that wicked old curmudgeon

*Ros. & } Pray, sir pity the poor fellow,*

*Mar. } Wine has made him rather mellow.*

*Officer.* Silence !—I hear ye—Hark'ee, fellow !

You're our prisoners—quick away !

*Fior.* Give the paper, Signor, pray ;

We your prisoners ? pr'ythee, stay.

*( Fiorelli gives Officer a protection—the Officer salutes, and  
Soldiers sheath their swords—Bartolo is petrified. )*

TRIO.—Rosina, Fiorelli and Basil.

Cold and immoveable  
As sculptur'd fear !  
All power has left him  
To see, or hear.

*( Bartolo recovers. )*

*Bar.* But, good sir—

*Chorus.* Hold your your tongue !

*Bar.* I'm a man—

*Chorus.* Get along !

*Bar.* That's my ward—

*Chorus.* Pray have done !

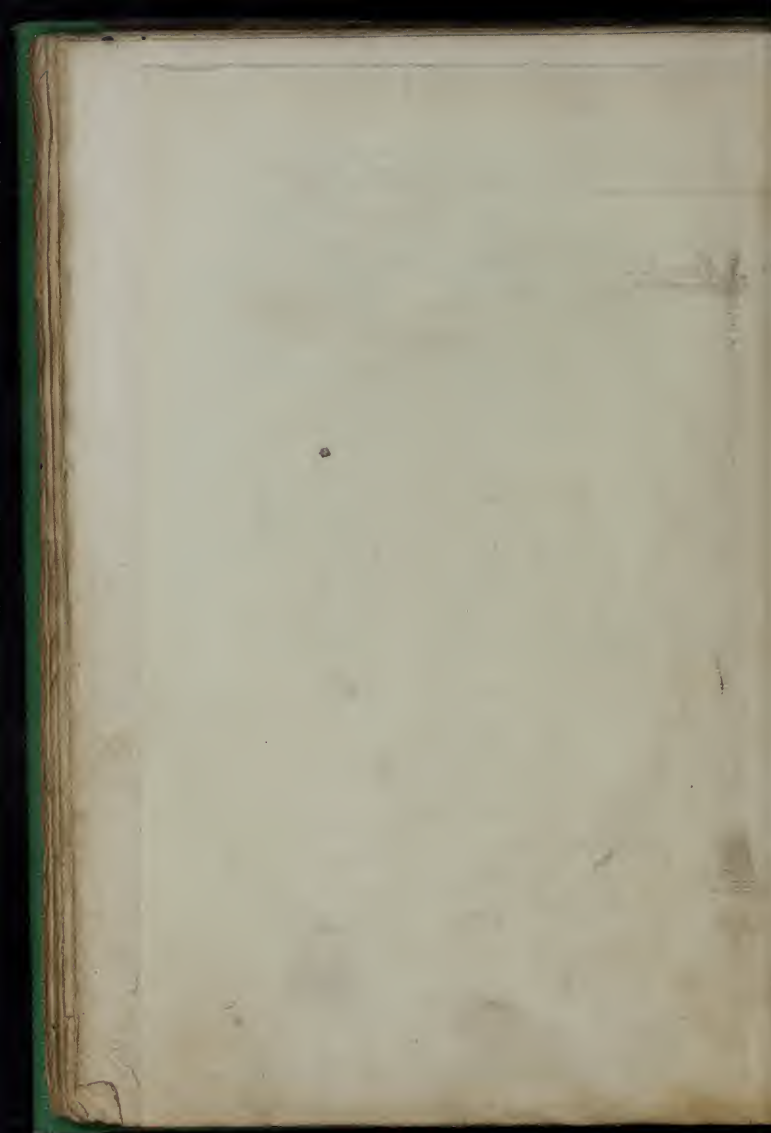
*Bar.* And I saw—

*Chorus.* We are gone.

door, which he closes after him)

→ 3 Knocks. by <sup>Baxton</sup> ~~Lacey~~.

There should be the officer-in-front &  
8 behind them.



Bar. Ros. |  
& Yet if we—

Basil.

Chorus.

Bar. Ros.

&

Basil.

Chorus.

Yet if we—

Do not bawl!

Only hear—

Silence, all!

All.

End your quarrels!—Leave the ground!  
What confusion! With the dinning,  
Round my (his) giddy head is spinning!  
No one ending, each beginning!  
All in rage and clamour drown'd!

*End of the First Act.*

*Almaviva changes*

*Speak to give out*

53. Oct. 2d

57.

1. 12 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31

*2. Chairs—Stool.**Piano Forte.*

ACT II.

*{Chair + Table}*

## SCENE I.

*A Room at DR. BARTOLO's, adjoining ROSINA's  
BARTOLO discovered.*

*Bart.* What a scene of perplexity am I involv'd in!—These drunken soldiers are not known by any other in the regiment, and yet, on a sudden, as much respect was paid to them, as if they had been the Commanders of it.—I have my doubts;—I am informed Count Almaviva is in Seville, and means to make proposals of marriage to Rosina.—How can I justify the refusal of such an honourable match? Basil advises some scandalous story, which may set her against him; but, a perverse girl always loves in opposition to reason—and to tell her, her lover's a rake, is to make her more determined to have him, *(a loud knock.)* Who's there?

*Enter COUNT dressed as a Music Master, and assuming a very sanctified appearance—bows very low.*

Heyday! whom have we here?

*Count.* Peace and happiness be with you, Sir.

*Bart.* Much obliged, Sir; but, my peace and happiness are not likely to be disturbed, except by intruders.

*Count.* Happiness, and peace attend you!

*Bart.* Pshaw! may I ask, Sir, what brought you here? who are you? and what do you want?

*Count.* May peace and happiness fall to your lot!

①

Misc<sup>d</sup>

Barolo

Keys

L. 28. Abscuriva

Written Letter & purse

21.5.18



2.  
9.

(2)

*A. 2 E. Rosina.*

*Bart.* Was there ever such a tiresome blockhead! Sir, I must insist upon it, you leave this bowing and scraping, and tell me who you are.

*Count.* My name is Alonzo, a Bachelor of Acts a licentiate,—pupil to Don Basil, Organist of the Grand Convent; who has the honour to be Music Master to Madame Rosina.

*Bart.* Well, Don Alonzo, &c. &c. &c. come to the point.—If Basil wanted to introduce you, why did he not come with you?

*Count.* Alas! Sir, it was not in his power! sudden illness (I'm shock'd to say) confines him to his bed.

*Bart.* His bed! why, man, he was here within this hour.

*Count.* I know it, Sir; but, in returning home, he—his foot—against a stone—his head—his arm—leg—shook—(*pretends to weep*) bed—oh!

*Bart.* Mercy on us! you frighten me!—poor Basil confined to his bed—I'll go to him immediately—(*taking the Count by the arm.*)

*Count.* Oh, the devil! (*Aside.*)—No, no, not absolutely confined to his bed. only to his room, Sir;—and he desired me to inform you—(*coming near to whisper Bartolo, who retreats from him*)—But can nobody overhear us?

*Bart.* No, Sir, no one can overhear us. and I'm sorry for it, for I suspect you to be a rogue! Oh, you may start, and fret, but I'm not to be imposed upon;—Speak out, speak louder, I'm deaf.

*Count.* Oh, with all my heart!—(*bawling.*)—Count Almaviva, who has changed his lodgings—

*Bart.* Softly! softly!

*Count.* Count Almaviva is coming this evening.

*Bart.* (*Trying to stop his mouth*)—Softly, good Alonzo! I beseech you, softly, softly!

*Count.* It was I discovered he was in love with Rosina, and that she, ignorant of his rank, had contrived to send him a letter, directed to him under his feigned name, which letter I got possession of.

2

} *Loud.*

*Bart.* A letter!—my dear friend, lower your voice!—Rosina can overhear us!—Come, tell me all,—You say that Rosina—

*Count.* Yes, sir, I do say that this, and much more I discovered; but really, your uncivil behaviour—

*Bart.* I'll be very civil now; but pray speak lower.

*Count.* Why, you are deaf, you say.

*Bart.* Yes, when I don't chuse to hear, but now I do.—I am so beset with knaves,—but I beg your pardon, again and again!

*Count.* Sir, I am satisfied.

*Bart.* Well, you have got the letter, you say?

*Count.* Yes, but you say she can overhear us.

*Bart.* No, no, not if you speak low: but I'll be sure that she is safe. (*Goes softly into Rosina's door.*) *Z.E.R.*

*Count.* So—I have brought myself into a fine scrape, by my scheme to gain his confidence! if I don't shew him the letter, I go back no better than I came! but, if I do, and by that means gain an interview with Rosina, I could apprize her of my motive, and it would be a master stroke of intrigue.

*Bart.* [*returns on tiptoe.*] All's safe! all's snug! Now let me see the letter.

*Count.* There, sir. [*giving it.*]

*Bart.* 'Tis her hand, sure enough! (*reads.*) “— Tortured and imprisoned by an ugly old Monster.” } *He*  
Oh! the perfidious slut!—the jade—the—

*Count.* Now return me the letter again.

*Bart.* No, no, I'll keep the letter.

*Count.* You keep it—Oh, if you please—But I had a plan, with the help of that letter, to make her renounce Count Almaviva.

*Bart.* How, how, my good Alonzo?

*Count.* Why, I did intend to show her the letter, tell her that Lindor had betrayed her, boasting of

her favors, given her letter to Count Almaviva—

*Bart.* I see,—I perceive!—a lie! a piece of scandal! the very thing Basil proposed! I see now you are a pupil of his!—But how shall I introduce you to her? Had I not better say, (as Basil is ill) that you are come in his stead, to give her a lesson of music?

*Count.* Excuse me, Dr. Bartolo—the suspicious tendency of your disposition, induces me now, to decline any interview with your ward.

*Bart.* Pho, pho! I can have no suspicion of you now, my dear friend!—Pray, oblige me.—See her, and tell her the contents of this letter, and what use the Count made of it.—(*In a whisper*) I can tell you, there is something in your appearance that she wont dislike.

*Count.* Do you think so?

*Bart.* I'm sure so—I thought so the moment I saw you.—I'll go and fetch her to take her lesson.

*Count.* Do so; but not a word of the letter.

*Bart.* Not a syllable!—for me to mention it to her, would ruin the plot.

*Count.* It would indeed.—Mum!

*Bart.* Snug!—I'm no fool.

[*Exit. R.H. D.F.*]

*Count.* Perhaps we shall be able to make you one, old gentlemen! the letter was a lucky thought.—She comes! how my heart beats with joy!

*Enter BARTOLO, and ROSINA reluctantly, and with R.H. — her back to the Count.*

*Ros.* But, sir, I am not in spirits to take a lesson, and I hate a strange music-master.

*Bart.* But you won't hate Signor Alonzo.—Do, take your lesson, if only out of civility.—Basil being ill, this worthy man has come to attend you, and it would be rude to send him away without his errand.

*Ros.* Well, who is the fright?—(*Turns round and screams at seeing him.*)—Ah!

*Bart.* What's the matter child?

*Ros.* Heavens, sir!

*Bart.* Are you taken ill, Rosina?

*Ros.* No—not ill, sir,—but—(*Bart. catches her by the arm.*)

*Count.* In turning about—

*Ros.* My foot slipped under me.

*Count.* Yes, I perceived it, madam.

*Ros.* Oh, sir, when I turn'd round, it went quite to my heart!—(*looking at Almaziva.*)

*Bart.* Sit down, sit down, child!—Alonzo, take hold of her a moment!—(*He gives her to Almaziva, and goes to the back of the Stage for a chair.*)

*Count.* (*Whispers in a hurried manner*) I have a thousand things to say to you.

*Ros.* He'll not leave us a moment.

*Count.* Figaro will be here presently to assist us.

*Bart.* (*bringing a chair.*) Come, sit down, my dear.—(*Asides to Count.*) Was ever any thing so provoking? Now, I'm sure I shall not be able to prevail on her to take her lesson.—Well, Rosina, you shan't be plagued now with music; tomorrow will do.—Good day, Alonzo.

*Ros.* No,—stay, young gentleman; my foot is much better—a little music will compose my spirits.

*Count.* (*Aside to Bart.*) Let her have her way—don't oppose her.

*Bart.* Well, my rose-bud, if you chuse it, Signor Alonzo shall stay,—and I'll stay and attend you, while you take your lesson.

*Ros.* No—you hate music, sir,—we shall do much better without you.

*Bart.* But your voice always enchants me, Rosina, and I won't lose a note of it.

*Ros.* (*Aside.*) Provoking!

*Count.* The Doctor is quite right, madam; pray, let me have the honor of giving my lesson in his presence.

*Bart.* Aye, aye; let us have the Piano Forte moved this way.



(He goes up the Stage with his back towards them, and pulls the Instrument down—while he is doing this, they both speak.)

Count. What's to be done? I can't sing a note, and know no more of music than of Chinese.

Ros. Strum a few chords, it will answer the purpose quite as well.

Count. Admirable! (Kisses her hand, and then runs up officiously to assist Bartolo.)—Let me help you, sir.

(They bring the Instrument down, and Almaviva places three chairs,—one for Bartolo on his left,—one for Rosina on his right.)

Count. (Taking up several pieces of Music.) Which is your favourite study, Madam?

Bart. The song in the Key A. she prefers—hand it to me, and I'll shew you a passage in it, which I think very chromatic, and objectionable.

Count. Oh, yes, sir—the song in A. certainly.  
[He turns them all over, not knowing which it is, Rosina, pulls the corner of one, which Almaviva hands over to the Doctor.]

Bart. Aye now, look here.

[While Bartolo is looking at the song, the Count and Rosina laugh, and make significant gestures at each other, which Bartolo partly sees, and begins to be a little suspicious—he changes his place, for one putting his chair between them—Count looks remarkably sanctified. Bar. continues his observations.]

I say, look here! I think these intricacies are barbarous—but it is the modern style of music—very fashionable, but very tiresome! it always makes me drowsy.

Ros. But the sentiment of the ballad is beautiful! The idea is spring! which is considered the youth of nature, emancipating itself from the cold embrace of winter! Pity and Sensibility combine to affect the feelings—Love and gratitude follow—and the

Sensations are those the slave tastes, when blessed  
with a glimpse of charming liberty !

*Bart. (to Count.)* How romantic !

*Count.* Do you perceive the allusion !

*Bart.* Too well ! plague on her ! *Goes to his chair L.*

*Count.* Now, madam, if you please.

SONG.—Rosina. *See*

An old man would be wooing

A damsel, gay and young :

But she, when he was suing,

For ever laugh'd and sung—

“ An old man, an old man will never do for me,

“ For May and December can never agree.”

She sung till he was dozing—

A youth, by fortune blest,

While guardy's eyes were closing,

Her hand, delighted, prest,

An old man, &c. *Bartolo wooing*

Then kneeling, trembling, creeping,

I vow 'twas much amiss ;

He watch'd the old man sleeping,

And softly stole—a kiss.

An old man, &c.

*(During the song, Bartolo, falls asleep, and  
snores—Almaviva kisses her hand—Bartolo half  
awakes,—she resumes her singing, which lulls  
him again—at the end of the song, he awakes. X*

*Count* Brava ! brava ! Signora ! a charming voice and  
excellent taste.

*Bart.* Well, it's very odd, but your fine pieces al-  
ways put me to sleep ! Give me one of your old-  
fashioned tunes we used to sing formerly.—Music  
in my time was quite another thing.

*Ros.* Oh, guardy, I've heard you sing by the  
hour together, when Basil has been with you.

*Bart.* Basil, girl, could never be persuaded to  
sing as I've heard the old School—Listen !

SONG.—Bartolo.

With a bewitching mein, ah ;

Oh, come to me, Rosina !



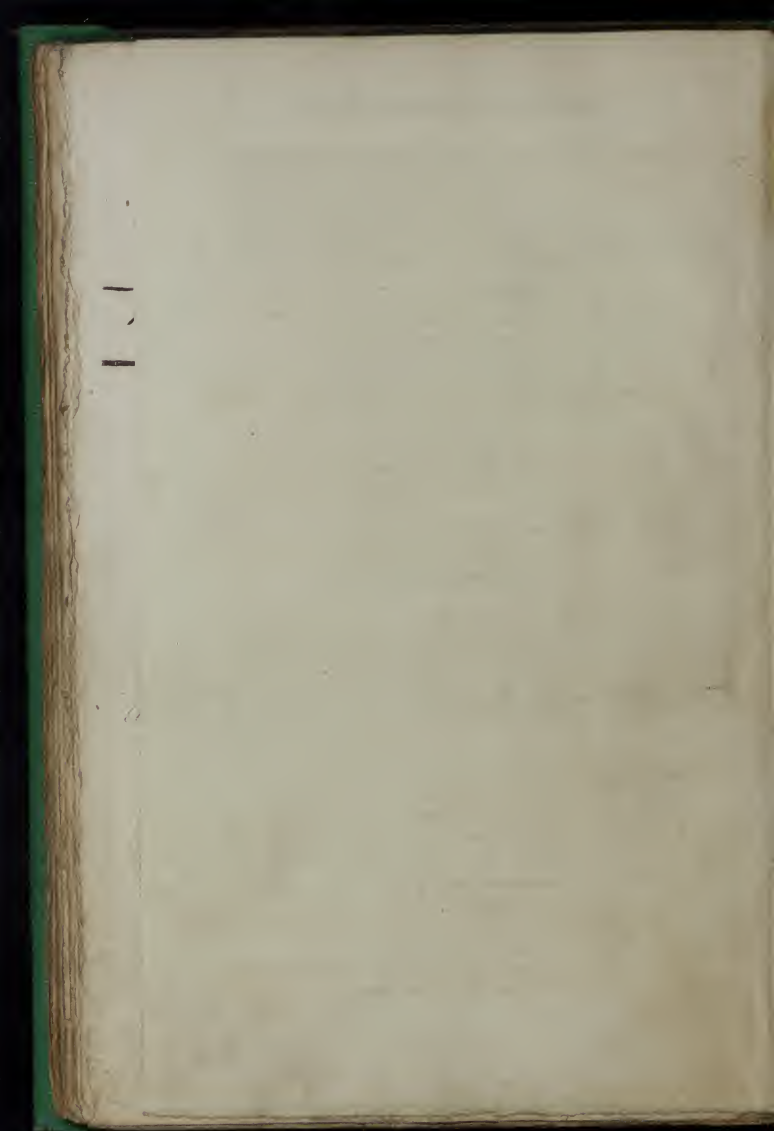
(3)

L. 28. Figaro (twice)

Crash ready R.D. in flat

Shaving properties ready R.D. in flat

& He puts back his Chair-



(*speaks.*) It is Justina in the Song, but I make it Rosina, in compliment to my ward.

[*Sings.*]

With that bewitching mein, ah!  
 Oh! come to me Rosina,  
 And, in my arms, oh, lean, ah!  
 There let me chaunt my lay; ^  
 Or, if you more incline, ah!  
 To dancing so divine, ah,  
 Then thus in grace we'll twine, ah,  
 With minuetto sway.

11.5.2.11

^ FIGARO *Enters during the song—peeping and imitating Bartolo.*

Bart. Ah, rascal! I'm in high good humour, or I should cane you heartily! what, are you come again to dose, bleed, and lay up all my family, for another pretence to make me a long bill?

Fig. I did all for the best, sir.

Bart. All for the best, Mr. Innocence; what did you do with the sweetmeats?

Fig. The Sweetmeats!

Bart. Aye, the sweetmeats in the sheet of paper?

(*Figaro looks confusedly at Rosina.*  
 Now, Miss, not a word, or you are guilty! [*Turns to Figaro.*]) the sweetmeats in the sheet of paper?—  
 who did you give them to?

(*Rosina talks with her fingers.*)

Fig. My niece.

Bart. Aye, and who gave them to you?

Fig. (*still looking.*) Rosina!

Bart. Ah! I don't know what to say to you, Mr. Barber! what brought you here, now? Have you any letter I prevented the delivery of?

Fig. Lord, sir, how you talk! Is it not your day to be shaved? I came on purpose for that.

Bart. Well, I'm not at leisure now! Come, again bye and bye.

Fig. That's impossible, sir; I have too much business to call twice on any customer! I'm not a

penny Barber, at the beck of any Scrub ! I am Surgeon-Dentist, and Perruquier to the Bishop of Salamanca ! I only do my particular friends the honour to take them by the nose, so perhaps, when more at leisure, you will step over the way to my shop.

*Bart.* No, sir, I shall not step over the way to your shop.

*Fig.* Then step into the next room, and I'll shave you in a minute.

*Bart.* I shan't leave this room ! so shave me here sir.

*Ros. Fig.* Here ! for shame, sir ! how can you be so rude to a strange gentleman ? ~~to Bartolo~~

*Bart.* It is because I won't be so rude as to leave a strange gentleman, that I am shaved here ; besides I shall have the pleasure of hearing your lesson. ~~XLH~~

*Fig.* [*aside to Rosina.*] We shall never be able to get him out of the room ; [*calls.*] Here, Argus ! Tallboy ? bring the Doctor's shaving things !

*Bart.* What signifies calling them ! have you not laid them up ?

*Fig.* Give me the keys, sir—I'll fetch the things myself ! they are in your chamber, I think.

*Bart.* Here ! [*going to give the keys, but recollects himself.*] No ! upon second thoughts, I'll fetch them myself. [*whispers to Count.*] Alonzo, have an eye upon that fellow and Rosina, while I am gone, they are not to be trusted. [*Exit.*]

*Fig.* How unlucky not to get the keys ! Belzebub stands his friend, certainly—Is not the key of the Lattice of your window among them ?

*Ros.* Yes—'tis the newest key on the bunch.—Hark.

*from room* Re-enter BARTELO. *comes forward*

*Bart.* I'll not trust the barber—a moment's time is enough for him to cabal with her. [*aside to Count.*] Has he spoken to her ?

*Count.* Not a word—I prevented all communication.

gets up. and x to Court)

into room at back

(4)

L. 28. Basil.

(Crash)

Bart. <sup>X</sup>[To Figaro.] Here, take the bunch; you will find my things up stairs in the China closet, but be sure to touch nothing else.

Fig. Nothing—nothing—[as he goes.] but the key of the lattice.

[He takes the key off the bunch.—at this moment the Count, who sees him do it, and wishing to take Bartolo's attention, makes a very high flourish in singing, as if instructing Rosina.]

Bart. (jumps up.) What the devil are you at? that's not the key?

Fig. Yes it is—(aside and holding it up.)

Bart. What do you say?

Fig. I said, A. flat is the key he wanted.

Bart. Go about your business—~~to leave~~ [Exit Fig. into room.] (to Alonzo, in a whisper.) That's the fellow who carried the letter to the Count.

Count. I know it is—he looks like a knave.

Bart. Oh, a great rogue!—I thought it better to send him for the things, than leave him in the same room with her.

Count. He should not have talk'd to her; I would have prevented that. (whisper to Bartolo.)

Ros. Upon my word, gentlemen, you are very polite, to be whispering;—Is this the lesson I am to have?

XXX (Noise without of breaking China.) XXX R.H.E.

Bart. Oh, that cursed barber!—he has broken all my China.

Count. Beloved Rosina!—In this moment which Figaro has contrived, let me conjure you to see me in the evening, that we may fix the time to rescue you from impending misery.

Ros. Impossible!—my window—

Count. Can easily be scaled.—Figaro has the key,—I saw him take it off the bunch.—The letter you generously sent me this morning—

(The door at the back is thrown open, and discovers a corkscrew staircase, with Bartolo pulling down



Figaro, who, at every step, lets fall some china upon Bartolo's head.

*Bart.* What are you at, villian? Would you ruin me?

*Fig.* Don't pull so!—this cursed corkscrew staircase is so dark and narrow, I shall break my neck.

*Bart.* (*Putting him forward.*) Better break your neck, than my china, you clumsy knave.

*Fig.* Clumsy!—if there's a handier man in the house, I'll be hang'd!—why, look here!—here's the shaving-basin, the soap & the Towel, a! whole, youce!—I have broke nothing that was wanted to shave you.

*Bart.* How could you break a pewter basin? What did you touch my old China for?

*Fig.* Why, I touch'd the old China because—because—my foot slipp'd, and so it broke!

*Bart.* Ah! villain! your foot will slip some day, and your neck will break!

*Fig.* I'll be hang'd if it does!—but, come, sir, be shaved!—I've no time to stay, and you keep me here talking in such a way, it's quite a shame!

*(During all this Figaro places a small table with the things to shave Bartolo, and at as great a distance as possible from the Lovers.)*

*Bart.* Hold your tongue, you impertinent puppy—Now, Alonzo, go on with your lesson.

*(Bartolo places his Chair so as to command a sight of the Lovers—Figaro, in preparing, gets between his knees, and interrupts his view—takes his Wig off, and puts his night-cap on, pulling it over his eyes.—During this, the Count and Rosina sit, and he appears to be instructing her,—Figaro beats up a lather in the Basin.)*

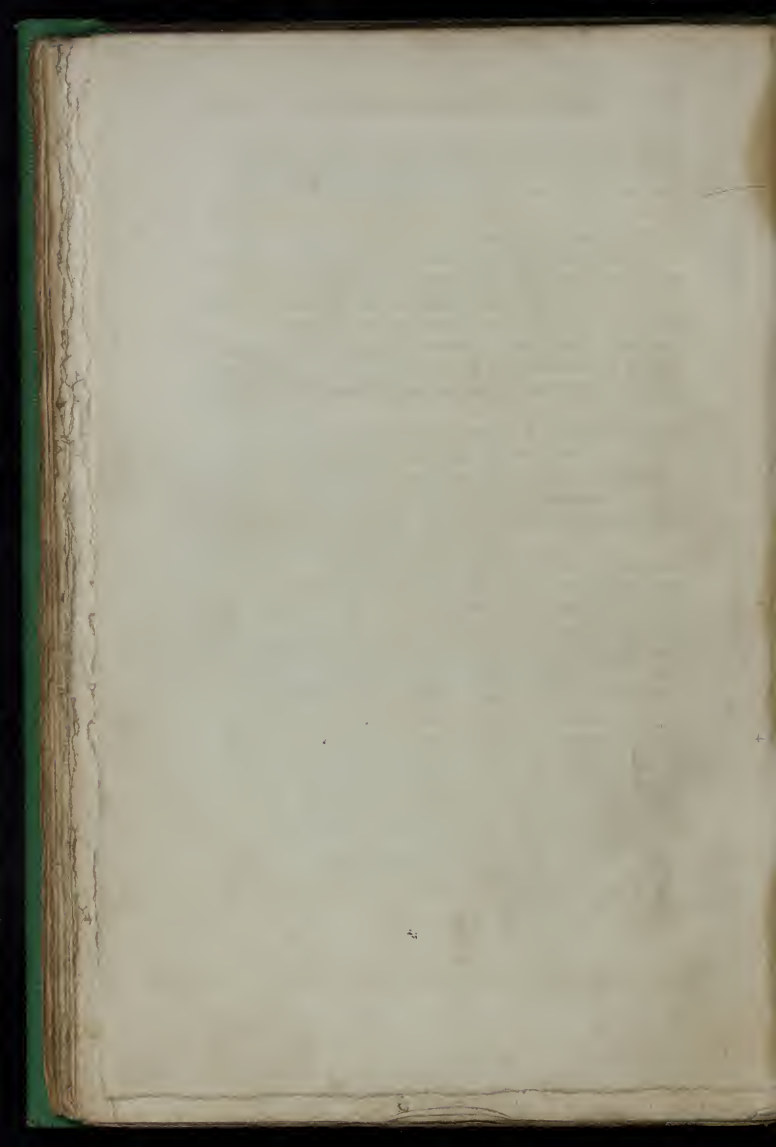
Now, Rosina, go on with your singing! *[She is just*

*Enter BASIL, L. 2. 28*

*Ros.* Yes, Sir.

*Basil.* Dr. Bartolo, I have some intelligence for you.

going to begin, when



Count. Basil, as I live !

Ros. Oh ! heavens !

Fig. Oh ! the devil !

Bart. Ah, my friend ! *[he is rising in haste—*

*Figaro dabs the lather in his face.]*

Fig. Sit quiet.

Bart. Curse your impudence ! *[wipes it off.]*

Figaro, hold your hand a moment.—Why, Basil, I'm glad you have recovered so soon; Alonzo; here gave me an alarming account of you.

Basil. Recover'd —Alonzo !

Fig. If you don't sit still, and be shaved, I must go, *[holding him fast in his chair,]*

Bart. Yes, Alonzo, your pupil.

Fig. How can I shave you if you talk so ?

Basil. My pupil !—I must say—

Count. Say nothing, Basil,—you can't tell Doctor nothing he does not know; I told him you had commission'd me, to give Signora Rosina her lesson in Music; *(x to Bartolo)*

Basil. Lesson—Music—I don't comprehend !

*(goes to Rosina—During this, Bartolo has extricated himself from Figaro, Basil goes to Rosina)*

Count. *(to Bart.)* Tell him quietly that we have agreed to say so.

Bart. I will—I will!—See—he is talking to Rosina now ! I fear he'll spoil all ! *x to Basil* Basil ! Basil ! don't contradict us—mind, don't tell Rosina you did not send him to give her a lesson : you'll spoil all, if you do !

Basil. Very well ; I come to tell you, the Count had changed his lodgings,

Bart. I know it—be quiet;

Basil. Who told you of it ?

Bart. Your messenger, Alonzo, to be sure. *x to L. H.*

Count. Yes, I.—Don't contradict that; you'll spoil all if you do. *I translate !*

Basil. Oh, I'm not to contradict neither.

Ros. *(Aside to Basil)* Can't you be silent ?

*Basil.* What, and *She* too?

*Fig.* (*Aside*) Hold your peace, booby, don't say a word.

*Fasil.* And *He* too!—Why, whom do you wish to deceive! Every body seems to be in the secret, and all determined to keep it from one another.

*Count.* (*Aside to Bart.*) It will be impossible for me to say any thing to your ward about the Count's letter, while *Basil* is here—I think you had better send him home again.

*Bart.* You are right—I will. *Basil*, it is very good of you to come out, ill as you are, to tell me the news of the Count; but you had better now go home, and go to bed. (*Turns and talks to Figaro.*)

*Basil.* Go home and go to bed.

*Count.* Yes; the Doctor wonders you would venture out, being so very ill. (*Puts a purse into his hand.*)

*Fig.* He looks like a ghost. (*To Bartolo.*)

*Basil.* (*Looking at the purse.*) Oh, now I begin to comprehend.

*Bart.* (*To Figaro.*) What do you think is his complaint?

*Fig.* Yellow jaundice, I think, troubles him at present.

*Bart.* Yellow fiddlestick!—I think it is a fever.

*Fig.* Let me feel his pulse;—O yes, it is a scarlet fever, and very catching. (*They all jump away from him.*)

*All.* Go to bed, *Basil*, go to bed.

*Fig.* I think I had better bleed him first;—put him in a chair, and I'll take a quart or two of blood from him.

*Basil.* No, I thank you!—I don't comprehend—and if it were not for the purse—

*Ros.* Don't stand muttering there, *Basil*;—why don't you go? Go to bed, *Basil*.

*All.* Aye, aye, good night; go to bed.—good night. (*He still seems to linger, and they all keep*

The Count & to R.H.

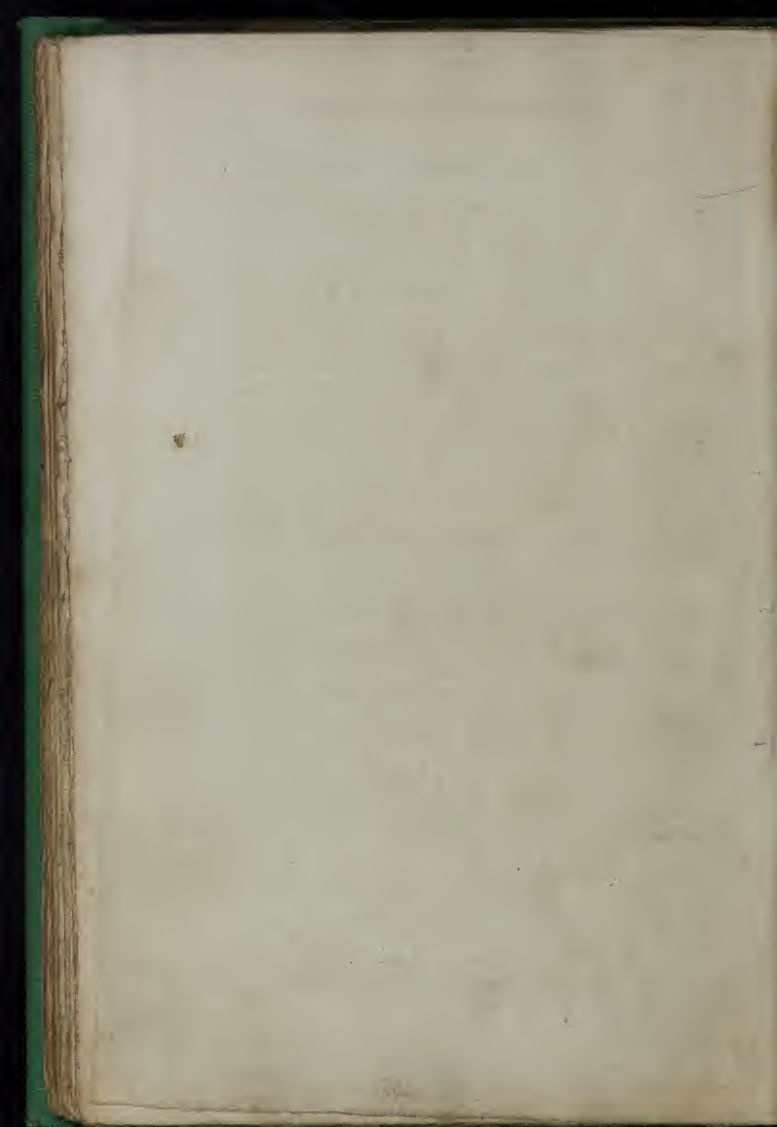
(5)

R.H.E.

4 Servants - Stage Men.

L

Fiorello.





wishing him a "good night," and pushing him out at the same time.) [*Exit Basil. 2<sup>d</sup> E. L.*]

Ros. Thank heaven, he is gone at last!

Bart. Poor man, he is very ill indeed.

Count. His fever's high.

Fig. How he muttered between his teeth. But come, sir,—now please to be seated. (*He places chairs as before, and begins to lather his face.*)

Count. (*Aside.*) Rosina, listen to me. (*Aloud*) We will, if you please, madam, finish our lesson.

Ros. I'm all attention.

Bart. Stand on one side a little,—I can't see them.

Fig. (*Crying, as if in great pain*)—O! O! O dear! O dear!

Bart. (*Jumps up*)—What's the matter with you?

Fig. Something in my eye. (*He stamps about till he has turned Bartolo with his back to the lovers.*) Oh, my eye!—I believe it is a gnat; look in it, but don't touch it;—do you see it? blow into it. (*While Bartolo is employed with Figaro, the Count speaks to Rosina.*)

Count. Precisely at midnight, we shall be at your lattice.—As Figaro has the key, all will be easy.

Bart. There then, 'tis out now.—Do finish the shaving, and let me get rid of you. (*Bartolo takes his place again, and Figaro begins to shave him.*)

Ros. But the balcony is high:—Somebody may be passing—I know not if I should permit—

Count. Lovely Rosina! trust to my honor,—fear not my prudence. (*Kneels.*) Believe my love more ardent than any man can—[*During this, Bartolo is cut in the chin by Figaro—he starts up,—knocks Figaro down, and discovers the Count on his knees.*]

—ALL CONFUSION. SCENE CLOSES.

*Clear the Stage.*

Pon-

## SCENE II.

Figaro's Shop.

L. 14 Enter FIORELLI.

*Fior.* When a man is determined to carry his point in spite of difficulty and danger, the more desperate and improbable the means, the more likely he is to succeed,—so says my master, Count Almaviva, I hope his present scheme may justify this opinion. ~~If not, he has nothing left for it, but to carry off Rosina—contó qui conto.~~ This shop of Figaro's is most handily situated to wait for intelligence—And let the night end propitiously, this night shall ratify the oath of love I've made to Marcellina.

SONG.—*Fiorelli.*

There's not in life so sweet an hour  
As love in secret seeks,  
There's not in life so bright a flow'r,  
As the rose on beauty's cheeks.  
The faith in such an hour that's given,  
Shall perish never, never;  
But with such roses bloom in heav'n,  
There live and bloom for ever.

Then let thy heart in truth sincere,  
Return me sigh for sigh;  
While I repeat each vow that's dear,  
And the honr of love is nigh.  
For the faith, &c.

Exit k.

2<sup>nd</sup>

(6)

2/7

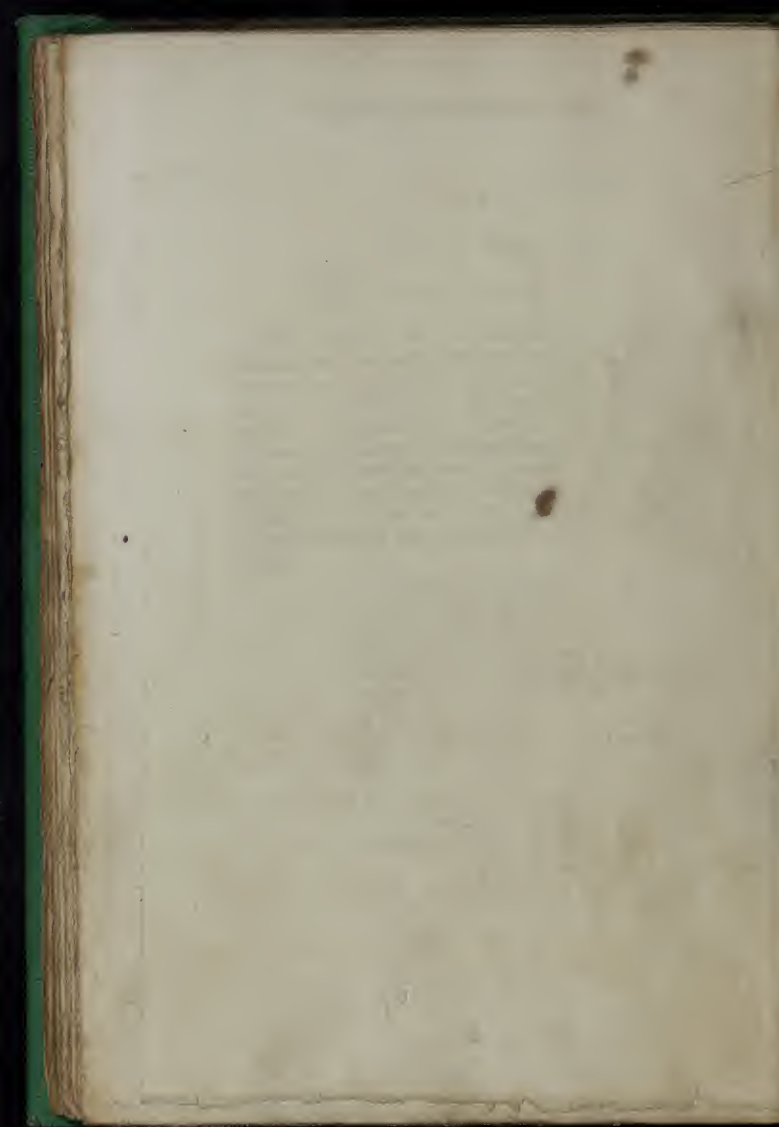
Bartolo (twice) — Keys

L.

Basil.

(7)

(R.D. Rosina — (Twice))



## SCENE III.

*Change Pon.**Bartolo's House. 1<sup>st</sup> Gr.**Enter BARTOLO and BASIL. L.H.*

*Bart.* And do you say you don't know this Alonzo?

*Bas.* Never set eyes on him, till I saw him here.

*Bart.* Then, why didn't you expose him, the moment you saw him?

*Bas.* Because you stopt my mouth; I was about to tell you, but you ordered me not to contradict him before Rosina. I think by the large sum the purse contained, which he slipt into my hand, it must have been the Count himself.

*Bart.* But how came you to accept that purse, Basil?

*Basil.* How could I help it? You all seemed playing a game at puzzle, which I did not understand; at that moment he popped a purse of gold into my hand; and in difficult cases that always determines me.—What do you mean to do at present?

*Bart.* I'll marry her this night.

*Basil.* You are a bold man, at your time of life, to marry a young girl against her inclinations.

*Bart.* Better marry her against her inclinations, than die for love of her.

*Basil.* Oh, if your life's in danger, marry her by all means.

*Bart.* Well, do you go and fetch the notary, and be here by twelve o'clock,

*Basil.* He can't be here so soon; he's engaged at Figaro's.

*Bart.* What, for a marriage?

*Basil.* Yes, between some stranger and Figaro's niece.

*Bart.* What, the baby?—Oh then, some mischief now.

*Basil.* What do you suspect?

*Bart.* Any thing, every thing. Go instantly and fetch the notary; bribe him to disappoint Figaro. I will remain here, and expect your return impatiently,—Here is the master-key, (*gives the key*) with which you may let yourself and the notary in.

*Basil.* But in the mean time, don't forget my advise;—remember scandal, stick to that; vilify and blacken this Count to Rosina.

*Bart.* I will.—The letter (*shewing it*) which the impostor Alonzo gave me, will assist;—he instructed me how to use it.—Away, away. *Exeunt L. H.*

*B. H.* Enter ROSINA on the opposite side.

*Ros.* All seems quite now.—This cloak, and stormy evening is favourable to Lindor's enterprise: it yet wants almost an hour of the time.—Ah, who's this?

*L. H.* Re-enter BARTOLO.

*Bar.* Stay, Rosina, stay. my dear.

*Ros.* I was this moment retiring to my apartment. Good night, sir.

*Bart.* Stay, stay a moment, child! I have something of consequence to say to you.

*Ros.* Always something to say.—Is not the day long enough to torment?

*Bar.* My dear, I have news from your lover.

*Ros.* (*Aside*) Heavens! has he detected him!

*Bart.* Come here, child,—do you know this letter?

*Ros.* What do I see?—my own letter! (*aside.*)

*Bar.* Yes, you have placed your affections on a low wretch, who, with Figaro, the Barber, has conspired to give you to the arms of Count Almaviva.

*Ros.* Into the arms of another!—What do I hear? Lindor! base and ungenerous.



P-

Of Norma leaves  
her long out-

(8)

N. 2 E. Figaro - (Dark lantern

Almaviva - Two purses

Thunder. Lightning

Rain

ready N. 2 E.

Ladder at Window R.

Two long interviews by Miss F. & Mr. J. S.  
"House of Balthazar" (Miss -)

17th June 1828

*Bart.* But you see the consequence of trusting to a stranger. No sooner had he obtained your letter, than he made it over to the Count, whose vanity used it as a trophy of conquest;—and at last it came into my hands from a lady, to whom he sacrificed it.

*Ros.* Is it ~~impossible~~ such treachery exists in man! Could he, could Lindor betray me to Count Almaviva? but he shall feel my indignation, my revenge; and too late be taught how to respect Rosina. Sir, you have often asked my hand in marriage,—if, after what has passed, you still esteem it worthy your acceptance, it is yours.

*Bart.* I do accept it with transport; and the notary will be here this very night.

*Ros.* This instant, sir, <sup>or</sup> all is lost; for know, I expect the perfidious man here every moment. With shame I confess it, he is to enter at the lattice of which Figaro, by stratagem, has contrived to deprive you of the key.

*Bart.* [*looking at his bunch of keys.*] Oh, the villain! the key is gone, sure enough—but I'll defeat his plans, I'll not stir, from the spot—I'll not leave you an instant.

*Ros.* Mercy! if they should come armed, sir.

*Bart.* O Lord! I forgot that—in that case, they will shoot me, and carry you off! My dear child ~~as you are awake to the danger of your situation,~~ <sup>let us act cautiously.</sup> You shall lock yourself up, and I will fetch the officers of justice.

*Ros.* But suppose, sir; they enter the house in your absence?

*Bart.* Let them; if they do enter, I'll deprive them of the means of escape, and have them apprehended for housebreakers. [*Exit L. H.*]

*Ros.* Oh, Lindor! could I have believed you so ungenerous?

SONG,—*Rosina.*

Away, deceiver, let us part  
For ever hence, away!

Thou art not woth a maiden's heart,  
 Who would that heart betray.  
 Ah! how could'st thou so treacherous prove?  
 So fickle and forsworn,  
 To win this trusting heart to love,  
 Then leave that heart forlorn!  
 True love's a spark of purest fire;  
 That's fann'd by truth divine,  
 And never, never can inspire  
 A bosom, base as thine!

*RH* [Exit.

Lampsdown. P. off. SCENE IV.

*Change*

xxx

*Thunder.*

*Lightening.*

*Rain.*

*An Anti-Room to Rosina's Apartment. A lattice window opening to a balcony—Room very dark—Table, with writing materials—Candles on it, not lit—Storm heard distinctly—Lattice slowly opened.—FIGARO, wrapped up in his cloak, with a dark Lanthorn in his hand, is seen entering.* *RH*

*Fig.* So, at last here we are, and all quiet, as it should be—you may ascend, my lord.

*[The Count is seen coming up wrapped in his cloak—When he gets to the top of the ladder, Thunder is heard, and the lightning shews him distinctly.]*

*Count.* Your hand, Figaro.

*Fig.* A real true lover's night, my lord.

*Count.* *[Jumps in.]* Victoria! Victoria!

*Fig.* *[Throws off his cloak.]* Dripping wet! fine weather to go fortune-hunting! What do you think of this night, my Lord?

*Count.* The best in the world for a gallant

*Fig.* Why, to be sure it may do for a Knight Errant to rescue damsels, and encounter giants; but for his 'Squire, thunder, lightning and rain, are not so agreeable.

*Count.* I fear them not, Figaro; my soul is occupied with a thousand doubts and fears; for if I this night, lose Rosina—

Front Scene  
M. P. Person's Song -

^ Figaro lights candles on Table }  
Lamps up.

Figaro takes the Glass

La

xx.  
The  
Lig.  
Ra.

(9)

R. 2 E.

Fiorello.

{ One ready to take  
away the ladder  
from Window.



*Fig.* Patience, patience, my Lord—Hope for the best, but be prepared for the worst; disappointment must be endured sometimes, and if you meet with it to-day, it is to be hoped you will escape it to-morrow.

*Count.* No, no, Figaro, no disappointment now, or all is lost. Rosina must be mine, or—but it is impossible to explain to you what I feel.

*Fig.* And it is impossible to explain to you, what I should feel, if we are detected, I shall be clapped in prison for my rent, and perhaps, hanged for my impudence.

*Count.* Well, Figaro, hope for the best, and be prepared for the worst. Hanging is what you must endure some day or another; so, if you meet it to-day, it is to be hoped you will escape it to-morrow.

*Fig.* Oh! your humble servant, my lord. Well, then, let it come, and I'll try to be as well-prepared for my hanging, as you are for your marriage.

*Count.* Hold, Figaro! she comes. *x c.*

*L. Enter ROSINA.*

Lovely Rosina! treasure of my soul. [*takes her hand, which she with draws indignantly.*]

*Ros.* I began to fear you would not come, sir.

*Count.* How flattering to my heart is that fear, Rosina? Can I make you the partner of one, whose birth is low, whose fortune is humble?

*Ros.* Birth and fortune, Sir fall to the worthy, and unworthy at random; convince me but of the purity of your intentions,—

*Count.* (*falling at her feet.*) Oh! Rosina, by all the powers of love—by all the ties of faith and honour—

*Ros.* Hold traitor! prophane not what you invoke, nor aggregate your crime by perjury. I, the object of your adoration!—the falsehood of that protestation has settled my aversion for you—

(*Count attempts to approach her and speak.*)

Away, sir; my infatuation is over, but, before I abandon you to the bitterness of remorse, know, [weeps.] know, false man, my heart did overflow with affection for you, but your profligate abuse of that affection, has roused my indignation, my scorn.—for he, who is mean enough to forget what is due to a fond woman's confidence, is an object below contempt and unworthy of her anger. [shewing him X<sup>6</sup> the Letter.] You know this letter, sir?

*Fig.* What the devil does all this mean?

*Count.* Oh, Heavens! I am the happiest of men!

*Ros.* How, sir!

*Count.* He had it from me, my Rosina, Bartolo had it from me. I made use of it, to gain his confidence, and afterwards, in vain endeavoured to explain this to you.

*Ros.* Oh, Lindor! can I have been deceived? Are you indeed, faithful?

*Count.* Most truly, so; but, may I credit my enraptured senses? did Rosina think so tenderly of me?

*R. Fsg.* You wished to be beloved for yourself, and not for your rank and fortune.—Now my lord, I hope you're satisfied.

*Ros.* What says Figaro? "My Lord,"

*Count.* Amiable Rosina, I will not attempt no longer to conceal myself from you; the man you behold in raptures at your feet, is not Lindor, but Almaviva, who offers you hand and fortune.

*2 L.R.* Enter FIORELLI, up the ladder.

*Fior.* My lord, my lord, 'tis time to escape, persons are watching in the street—not a moment's to be lost.

*Count.* Come then, my sweet Rosina, your Almaviva, your faithful Lindor will attend you.



(10)

L. Notary — 2 B. papers.

Basil.

& During the Trial, the ladder is taken from  
the windows  
Figaro, affects the Count on with his cloak.

(11)

L.H. { Bartolo  
Alguazile — wand  
5 Officers — swords

N.H. Marcellina

TRIO.—*Rosina, Fiorelli and Figaro.* 10

X Step as soft as zephyrs dying!  
 Piano, piano, piano:  
 Through the window gently hieing,  
 Down the ladder quickly flying,  
 Trip it lightly and away!

Figaro goes to the balcony, and returns in haste.

Fig. Oh lord, oh lord, 'tis gone! and you may make up your mind to stay where you are—My Lord, 'tis all over—no retreating—the ladder's taken away.

Count. How! the ladder removed?

Ros. 'Tis I only am to blame—foolish credulity! deceiv'd by my guardian, I betrayed your enterprise. He knows you are here—has removed the ladder, and is returning with officers of justice.

X Fig. (The last dying speech and confession of that amiable young man, Signor Figaro, the barber, who came to an untimely end, by keeping bad company. Oh! here they are, my lord, opening the street door, and its all over with me.

Ros. Oh, Lindor!

Count. Fear nothing, Rosina: convinced of your affection, no power on earth shall tear you from me.

Enter the NOTARY and BASIL. 11

Fig 'Tis our Notary, my Lord.

Count. And with him my friend Basil.

Basil. Ah, who's here?

Fig. Ah, Basil! what has brought you here at this time of night. my friend (X to Basil.)

Basil. And pray what brought you here at this time of night, my friend?

Notary. These are the parties, I suppose.

Fig. Yes, yes, these are the parties.—Leave him to me, (aside to the Count. And crossing to the Notary) Signor Notary, I engaged you this evening to settle the contract of marriage between Count



Almaviva, and Rosina, my niece. The papers were to have been signed at my house, but the parties prefer this,—which, I suppose, can make no difference to you; so, with your leave, we'll sign and settle the business at once.

*Basil.* Hold, hold! I don't understand—

*Fig.* (Claps his hand before Basil's mouth) Bah! bah! bah!—my dear friend, you never do understand. You are the stupidest man I ever knew.—(Takes him up the Stage.)

*Notary.* Your Lordship's most obedient. I have two contracts of marriage ready:—The one is between your Lordship and Signora Rosina; the other between Dr. Bartolo and Signora Rosina,—the same names. Are the young ladies related?

*Count.* Cousins.—But execute our contract first, and when the Doctor returns, his business will be settled presently:—My friend Basil will set his hand to our contract as a witness. (Figaro and Rosina go to the table and sign the contract.—Basil comes to the Count)

*Basil.* But my Lord—I don't understand—*X to Count*

*Count.* That's because Figaro has'nt explain'd it properly—nothing, my dear Basil, is so easily understood.—Look here: [Puts a purse into one of his hands, and whispers him] Do you take?

*Basil.* I think I do.

*Count.* [Putting a purse in the other hand.] 'Tis as plain as the Sun,

*Basil.* Oh; yes; and very satisfactorily explain'd indeed!

[Puts the purses into his pocket, and the Count, goes to the Table, and signs the Contract.]

*Fig.* [To Basil.] Come, come, where is the difficulty in writing your name, my friend?

*Basil.* None at all, now, friend—Only, I must have weighty reasons for what I do—[aside, as he goes to the Table] Oh! Dr. Bartolo! Dr. Bartolo! you



have given me your Master-key for a rare purpose,  
*[He signs.]*

*Notary.* *[Handing the Contract to Count.]* There is your Contract, my Lord, and I wish you much joy.

*Count.* I receive it as the earnest of my future happiness!—this precious paper confirms you mine Rosina, and my hand, my fortune, my whole soul is yours! *[While he is on his knees, kissing her hand enter Bartolo, with Alguazile follow'd by other Officers. L.H.]*

*Bart.* Rosina in the hands of Villains! Seize them seize them all! I have hold of one of them! *[Collars the Notary, and shakes him violently.]*

*Notary.* O dear! O, dear! I am your Notary, Sir.

*Basil.* Are you mad, Doctor? 'tis your own Notary?

*Bart.* Basil! how came I to find you here!

*Basil.* How came I not to find you here!

*Alguazile.* *[Getting hold of Figaro.]* But who is this fellow?

*An Officer.* Oh I know him—that's Figaro—that's the Barber!

*Fig.* He's quite right, sir—I'm the Barber; and my business here, is to attend, my lord, the Count Almaviva.

*Bart.* 'Tis a lie, and I am betrayed!—Arrest them altogether—that's the Cock devil of the whole brood of housebreakers—he, that has my Ward—seize him! he, I know's a thief! *[Officers all approach Count Almaviva.]*

*Count.* Stand off!

*Alg.* Your name?

*Count.* Stand off, I say!

*Alg.* Draw your swords and seize him! *(The Officers draw their Swords—Figaro, Basil, and Fiorello do the same—The Count throws off his Cloak, and puts himself in attitude of defence—)*

*Rosina screams.*

*Count.* Fear not, Rosina,—your Alnaviva will protect you against an army of such assailants.

*Officers.* Count Alnaviva !

*Count.* Yes, Count Alnaviva, at your service, gentlemen.

*Alg. (to Bartolo)* Why, is this the house-breaker you brought us to apprehend? you'll be finely trounce'd for this !

*Bart.* I'll run the risk of that.—Let me beseech you to leave the house, my lord; for, whatever your power may be elsewhere, your rank and title has no value here. *X to Count*

*Count.* My rank, perhaps, may have none; but my title to this lady has a value above all price.

*Bart.* Your title to that lady!—What title, my lord?

*Count.* A legal contract, prepared by the Notary, and signed by the parties present.

*Bart.* A contract!—Is this true, Rosina? (*In a doleful voice.*)

*Ros. (Imitating his manner.)* Very true, sir;—  
But why are you so astonished? Did't I promise you to revenge myself this night on him who had deceived me? You are that person, and I only keep my word. (*Giving her hand to the Count.*)

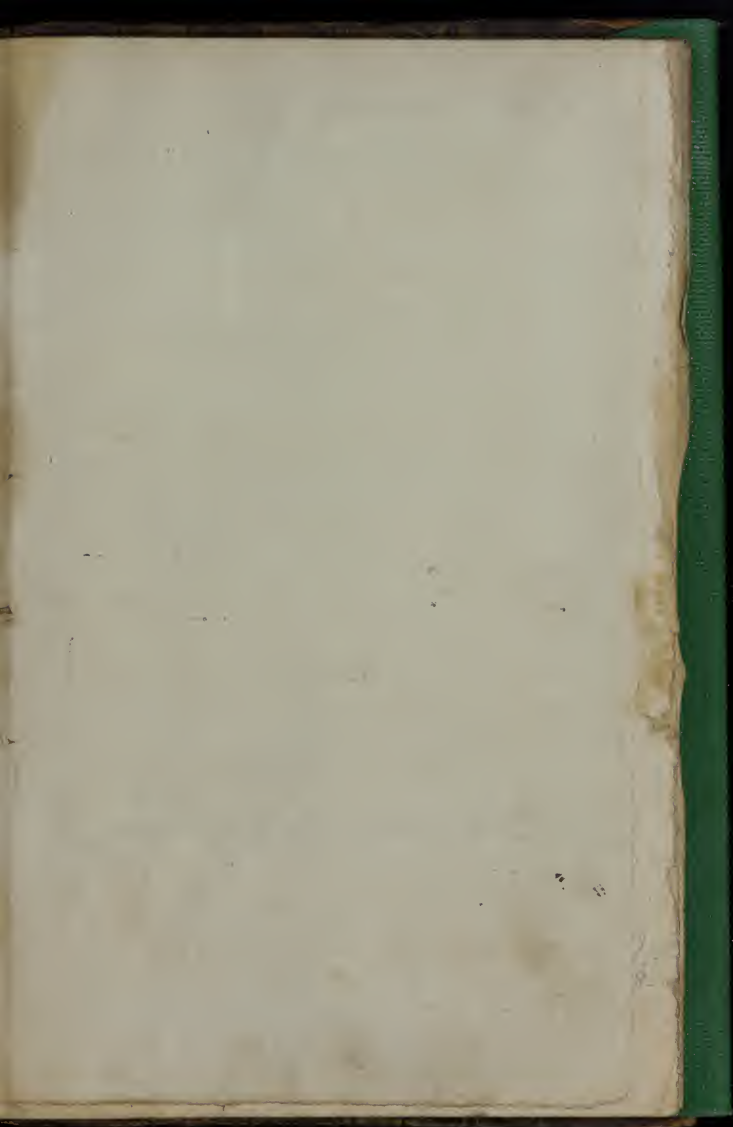
*Bart. (In a great rage.)* I don't care—I won't part with her—She is my ward, and I'll not give her up.

*Count.* Doctor Bartolo, your apposing my match, I know, proceeds from your not being able to give a fair account of your guardianship; but consent to our union, and we release you from all fears on on that account.

*Bart.* Ah?—that indeed makes all the difference.  
*on L. Fig.* Doctor! give your consent, and I'll pay you my rent, and shave you for nothing.

*Bart.* Baffled for want of care !

*Fig.* No—for want of sense!—When youth and Love combine to baffle the care of an old Gentle-



at the ... in this place  
by ... of ... G. Smart Oct 8<sup>th</sup> 18...

3 Officers alquazil.

Jos. Man. Ros. Count Bart. Fig. Bas. Notary  
R. ... L.

1. H. 4/10 ...
1. S. G. M. ...
2. S. 32 ...
3. ...

man, every effort on his part to prevent it, will only prove vain—particularly when they're assisted by one great character?

*Bart.* And who's that?

*Fig.* That's the Barber!

FINALE.

*Fior.* Young Love triumphant smiling,  
All harsher thoughts exiling,  
All quarrels reconciling,  
Now waves his torch on high!

*Chorus.* Young Love our hearts beguiling,  
Bids care and sorrow fly!

*Bar.* Old men with young ones vicing,  
Find beauty ever flying:—

*Fig.* Yes—Love your grey hairs spying,  
Took wing, and said "Good bye!"

*Chorus.* Young Love our hearts, &c.

*Ros.* May all our lot now viewing,  
Find ev'ry hour renewing  
The joys of youth's first wooing,  
And happy prove as I!

*Chorus.* Young Love our heart's, &c.

THE END.

47 *Rein*

Printed by J. Roach, Russel-court, Drury-lane, London.

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{ 2 - 2 Oct. 1798

BOOKS,

PUBLISHED BY J. ROACH,

Britannia Printing Office.

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